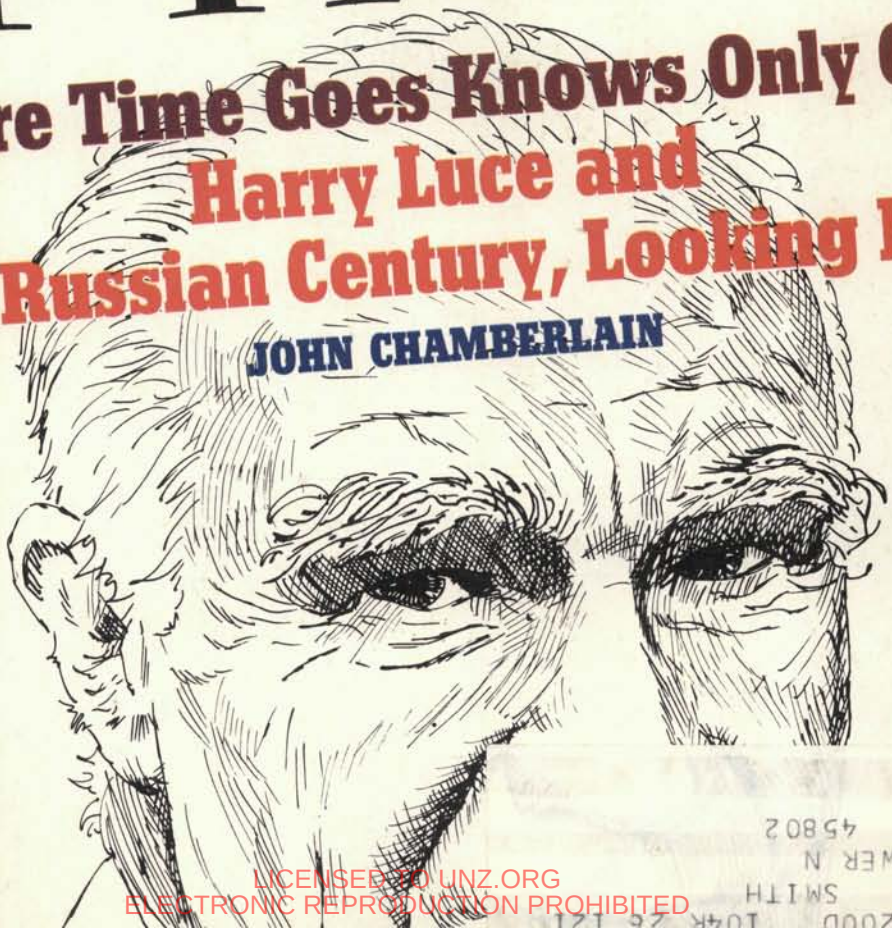
SPECIAL BOOK ISSUE

NATIONAL REVIEW

TIME

Where Time Goes Knows Only God: Harry Luce and The Russian Century, Looking Back

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



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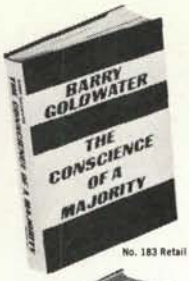

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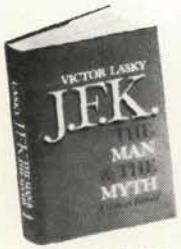

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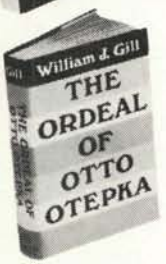

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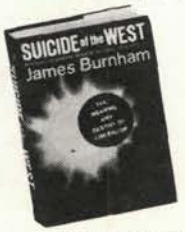

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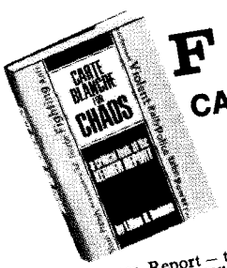

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ARTICLES

524 Harry Luce and the Russian Century *by John Chamberlain*
Even in the old days the Luce publications suffered from their founder's inability to understand Communism; since his death the situation has worsened. Mr. Chamberlain, one-time writer for *Fortune*, knew Henry Luce and Time Inc., when.

526 Justice Douglas' Book *by Ernest van den Haag*
No mere review, says the author, can do justice to *Points of Rebellion*—the book must be read very, very carefully. Professor van den Haag, after long scrutiny, finds William O. Douglas in contempt—of grammar, law, the facts and plain good sense. Professor van den Haag will soon journey to Vietnam, on special assignment for *NR*.

530 Report on Pakistan *by Joe W. Milner*
Imagine if America's black separatists got their way, and a separate black nation were established in, say, Mississippi and California, with only a two-thousand mile plane flight over "enemy" territory to connect the two parts. That's about the situation in Pakistan, where the poverty-stricken East seeks independence from the affluent, domineering West. The author, now teaching journalism at Arizona State, knows Pakistan from first-hand experience.

DEPARTMENTS

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An assessment of the burgeoning Presidential hopes of Senator Henry Jackson.

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How the revolution tested its wings in Washington.

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How goes Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*? The Germans have a word for it, says our man in *Mitteleuropa*: "Katzenjammer."

532 For Now *by C. H. Simonds*
In which it is suggested that Garry Wills is a secret Pat Boone freak.

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Part I of a report on a journey from smogbound New York City to the beautiful land of Kentucky bourbon.

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Another sensible proposal for the financing of higher education.

556 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

506 For the Record **508** Letters **558** Trans-O-Gram

535 **BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS**
Our Spring Book Issue leads off with a review of the first full study of Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, by Asia specialist Justus M. van der Kroef ☐ Benjamin DeMott has written a book, starring himself, about the evil spring of Cambodia and Kent State; Ronald Berman is not impressed ☐ From his hideout in Kentucky, Guy Davenport files an evenhanded report on three lady novelists ☐ Professor Hugh Kenner, of UCal-Santa Barbara, examines Arthur Mizener's great big book about Ford Madox Ford ☐ Stephen J. Tonsor reviews a new book on academe by Robert Nisbet ☐ Jeffrey Hart celebrates the best novel yet from "the best American novelist writing at the present time" ☐ Dorothy Sayers, Charles Williams and C. S. Lewis, great Anglo-Catholics all, are due for a revival, says the Rev. Sheldon Moody Smith.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ More on Washington: Monday, May 3, the 7,500 arrested set new record: the most arrested in any single day in any single demonstration in American history. Through Wednesday, over ten thousand arrests, better than half as many persons arrested in all civil rights disorders between June 1963 (Cambridge, Md.) and June 1968 (following **Martin Luther King**'s assassination). . . . Forty per cent of those arrested in Monday-Tuesday attempts to close down city were under twenty years old. . . . Cost of peaceful April 24 march was over half a million bucks. D.C. police, Justice Dept., Army haven't been able as yet to come up with figure on cost of policing capital next ten days. . . . **Georgetown U.** where many of Mayday tribe took refuge after being thrown out of West Potomac Park reports its $5,000 wooden running track destroyed, broken up and used to support canvas tents. . . . Among the arrested, Dr. **Benjamin Spock**, who tried to lead march on Pentagon Monday morning (where was **Norman Mailer**?), and who remarked of Redskins' practice field, where he was held: "Calling this a concentration camp would be a very apt description. We have been thrown in here illegally and ruthlessly." . . . Judge **Charles Halleck** (son of the Charlie Halleck of the Ev and Charlie show), who's gotten a reputation for leniency with young offenders in Washington, anything but. He set bail of $250 for out-of-towners, wouldn't release local youths unless their parents came down and signed for them. . . . Sen. **Fulbright**, provoked by demonstrators who insisted on attending meeting of his Foreign Relations Committee, finally shouted at them: "If you were in an authoritarian country you'd all be in jail." . . . **Pete Seeger** refused to sing "Give Peace a Chance": "There's no time for that." Instead launched into "Last Train to Nuremberg." . . . Also out parading, very conspicuously, **Women's Lib**, with its chants: "Ho, ho, Madame Binh! The NLF is gonna win," and "5, 6, 7, 8, we don't want a sexist state."

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Chungking? But I asked for Chequers!"

■ Three branches of **Bank of America** bombed again last week, making it the single most bombed organization in America. . . . **Kent State** administrators, one year later, report a 47.7 per cent decrease in applications for admissions. . . . Most surprised saint in the calendar **St. Maximilian**, coopted by radical RCs who identify him as "a young Roman Catholic draftee who refused to be conscripted and was condemned to death."

■ New AFL-CIO **COPE** ratings out, show six leading Democratic Presidential contenders (**Muskie, McGovern, Kennedy, Harold Hughes, Birch Bayh, Henry Jackson**) all tied with perfect 100 scores. . . . (**Humphrey** not listed, not in Senate last year). . . . **ADA** ranking a bit different. Hughes, 97, Muskie, 91, McGovern and Kennedy, 84, Bayh, 72, Jackson, 56 per cent. . . . Jackson rates highest with **ACA**, 24 per cent, having scored a plus by support of ABM and vote against Hatfield-McGovern bugout amendment. . . . Vote of support by ADAers assembled in national convention for radical Republican Congressmen **Paul McCloskey** and **Donald Riegle** (Mich.) for their leadership in Dump **Nixon** movement. . . . Incidentally part of the money to send McCloskey to Vietnam raised by *New York* writer **Jimmy Breslin**. . . . Father **Matt Menger**, head of Catholic Relief Services in Laos, says McCloskey only spent a couple of hours in Laos, spoke to only "seven or eight refugees," refused to believe that thousands of Laotians had fled their villages not to avoid American bombing but to avoid Communist rule. . . . Student senate at **Whittier College**, Nixon's alma mater, has voted 13 to 1 to ask that honorary doctor of law degree awarded Mr. Nixon be withdrawn because of his position on Vietnam war. . . . Sen. **Javits** had a nightmare t'other night. It came over him that President Nixon had "a secret desire for a military victory in Vietnam" but then he woke up, reassured by the knowledge that "he knows he can't indulge in it." . . . NSA leader **David Ifshin** ("Little Lord Haw Haw"), who is trying to get his alma mater, Syracuse, to recall **WFB**'s honorary doctorate, hasn't yet earned his own BA, source reveals, though he parades as Syracuse grad.

■ The uses that churches are put to. 1) The cast of *Hair* will sing portions of musical as part of new *Mass in F* by *Hair* composer **Galt McDermot** in New York's Church of St. John the Divine, in mid-May. 2) Also in NYC: at Washington Square Methodist, first meeting by new Women's Lib group, the **Feminist**, a Prostitution Forum aimed at repeal of all laws *against* prostitution.

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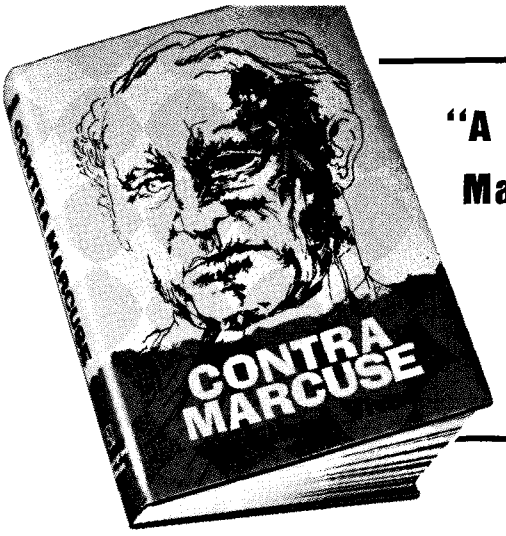

"A tooth-and-claw assault on Marcuse, perhaps the bitterest assault on Marcuse's person and philosophy yet attempted."

— PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY

Contra Marcuse

by Eliseo Vivas

A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

THE WEATHERMEN are something new in American life. Anything but underprivileged, they fly from Seattle to Boston spreading terror and revolution — on Daddy's credit card.

Who taught the "kids" their total hatred of America? Lenin, Ho, Fidel, Che — those we know about. But ask the Kids themselves, and they list home-grown revolutionaries too. Chief among them is Herbert Marcuse, professor at the University of California at San Diego.

Marcuse, it is true, is not a native American; but he has lived here long enough not to be considered a foreigner. What motivates his hatred?

Up till now, we've had mostly apologies for Marcuse from mindless Liberals who pave the way for his extremism. But now an eminent conservative scholar gives us a stinging *intellectual* indictment of Marcuse and his ideas. That scholar is Dr. Eliseo Vivas, retired professor of philosophy at Northwestern University.

To give you some of the flavor of this volume, we've devised a few questions for Professor Vivas. And we'll let him answer directly from the pages of CONTRA MARCUSE:

Professor Vivas, how would you describe your own work, CONTRA MARCUSE?

This is a polemical essay, directed at Marcuse's savage indictment of our society. It is not offered as an academic contribution. It has not been couched in the third person language that is loved by academics and does not pay attention to the rules laid down by our academic Emily Posts or even by the less restrictive academic Amy Vanderbilts. It often uses the first personal pronoun, and when it does not call a spade a spade, it refers to it as a manure shovel. It does not quite get down to the level of the academic New Left; it uses euphemisms like "manure" instead of the four-letter words that are frequently found in the writings of the new nihilists, both among academics and among students. I refrain from such language not because I am ignorant of four-letter words, but because that kind of language, having important functions to perform on extreme occasions, as I have explained elsewhere, ought not to be allowed to lose its value by everyday usage.

Well, it certainly is a no-holds-barred attack on Marcuse. In fact, we were rather surprised at how pungently a scholar of your reputation could write . . .

When I sat down to write this essay I had already made up my mind that I would not offer him the benefits others had offered him. He does not deserve our courtesy, our charity, our tolerance. He has proclaimed in writing the principle of intolerance towards those who disagree with him. There is no reason, unless one is a turn-the-other-cheek kind of Christian, to treat him differently from the way he treats his opponents. If he were to possess the power for a short while, he would out-Robespierre Robespierre, out-Saint-Just Saint-Just, and do better than Stalin and Hitler rolled into one. For this is an explicit, thought-out, and fundamental part of his ideology.

"The men who defend Marcuse ought to be brought to the bar of judgment. They are irresponsible, if they are not corrupt."

— Eliseo Vivas

What about Marcuse's style?

If a unique idiosyncratic manner of expression constitutes "style," Marcuse has style, for his prose is inimitable.

Seldom easy to understand, when intelligible Marcuse's prose has the grace of a pregnant hippopotamus trying to dance "The Death of a Swan."

Is Marcuse really that important, then?

Although some conservatives have tried to deny his reputation, or more exactly his notoriety, of the fact that he is known the world over, there need be no question. He is mentioned with Mao, Trotsky, Castro and Guevara, and noticed editorially in publications like *The Times Literary Supplement* of London; he is mentioned even in Franco's country, for I have seen his views discussed and his picture reproduced three times in a magazine published in Madrid. He is a hero in France, Germany, Italy, and it goes without saying in Columbia University and points west, wherever in our world the social termites gnaw at the uprights of our civilization.

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LETTERS

Calley: Pro and Con

Just a word concerning your editorial "Calley for President?" [April 20]. "Frustration from vacuum" may have played a part in the unprecedented response to the Calley verdict, but not a major one. What happened was that instantly it was seen by the main body of citizens that if an ordinary soldier could be court-martialed for carrying out an order, as well as for not carrying out an order, the Army would be emasculated.

Mechanicsburg, Ohio FLORENCE CLEMENS

On the Calley trial: The Left and Right are both emoting instead of reasoning, but for different reasons. The Right is reacting because a military man got it; the Left because Calley got it instead of the military establishment.

A jury of his peers, with sufficient reflection, found Calley guilty of murdering unarmed, civilian prisoners who gave no apparent provocation. To compare this crime with the combat bombing of towns and villages is to confuse the distinction between bombing, say, Berlin before World War II ended with bombing after Germany surrendered.

New Shrewsbury, N.J. ROBERT P. PARNELL

Summing up the public explosion following the Calley verdict: At long last, the worm turned. We've been preached to, ignored, insulted, pushed around like Russian peasants, examined like specimens under magnifying glasses, taxed to death, and now we have to be dissected by all these glib writers who say we are all guilty for Vietnam. We *don't* feel guilty, I can tell you. But we think there are those who should feel guilty. Americans who felt no guilt over Hiroshima, Dresden, Hamburg or atrocities in the Pacific islands certainly won't feel guilty about Mylai.

Maumee, Ohio EVVA S. TOMB

I would ask that *NR* go a step or more beyond its seeming neutrality toward the verdict of the court-martial board at the trial and consider that Calley as a commissioned officer simply must have known, at least as well as virtually any serviceman who so much as completes basic training, that any such order as he claims to have been following at the time of the incident at Mylai is strictly and explicitly illegal according to the "Bad Order" Article of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. It was, in fact, the immediate duty of Calley and anyone who found himself in a similar position to go up through his chain of command over the head of any superior who had just given an order expressly forbidden under the UCMJ, to make full disclosure of his having received an unlawful command. The authority under which the UCMJ may be thought to be written can be traced as high as the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the commander in chief himself.

Brookline, Mass. DONALD L. SENA

I do not buy the opinion expressed in "Calley for President?" that Calley is "a second-rater, a next-to-nobody." This young man had an excellent civilian record. When the news broke of his disaster, everyone who knew him was stunned. The pompous lawyer who tried him said he was not officer material. So—what stupid Brass passed him for commission from OCS?

He carried out his superior officers' orders to search and destroy. Many people have remarked that he should have refused to obey. For that, in battle, he could have been shot.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla. BLANCH PORTER

It serves no purpose to point to Nuremberg and the verdicts rendered there. There is no comparison. In one instance you have the reaction of an individual in the heat of battle. In the other, there was a planned government policy, formulated in advance of battle, and overshadowed by questions of genocide and the hatred of the Nazis for a particular ethnic minority. Nor does it serve any purpose to say that the court-martial jurors were veterans of Vietnam. They may or may not have served in the frontlines. They may or may not have found themselves in the situation met by Lt. Calley.

Bradenton, Fla. HENRY M. WOLFSON

Dolan and Parks

Thanks to Prof. Edwin Dolan for the most original and entertaining article of the year ["Why Not Sell the National Parks?," April 6]. All the way to the last half of the final sentence, where he contrived to compromise the argument.

Consistency would demand, and conservatism insist, that the high-grade havens of the purists *not* be subsidized by users of the lower-grade wilderness surrogates.

Bronxville, N.Y. HUDSON HATCHER

At first glance I thought the cover story in the April 6 issue was written by Senator Proxmire—except that the analyses and arguments were too comprehensive and took into consideration too many different points of view.

In the matter of ecology and conservation, the government isn't really that much of a bad guy. If it weren't for Teddy Roosevelt, who, I think, was a government employee, Mr. Dolan would not have had a subject about which to write. Furthermore, I am not prepared to state the financial status of such conservationist associations as the Sierra Club, but just about any interested party in the private sector ought to be able to raise at least as much purchasing power as a group of conservationists (a majority of whom are employed by the U.S. Government anyway).

Even if the conservationists could buy the national parks in the first place, if they ran into financial difficulties, they would sell their natural resources—not their beauty—for profit. In short, selling the national parks would, in effect, have its own *irreversibility*—if I may borrow Mr. Dolan's term. The most feasible solution to Dolan's Dilemma is to strengthen the government's involvement and interest in conservation and national parks. And Mr. Nixon's actions and recent legislation, such as the Wilderness bill and the "Everglades Airport Deal," clearly indicate steps have been taken in these directions.

Besides, when I mentioned Mr. Dolan's proposal to Smokey the Bear, he hit me with his shovel.

Norfolk, Va. JONATHAN J. HEIN

Mideast Problems

Taki Theodoracopulos' "Détente in the Mideast?" [March 23] is very interesting and informative. But, like everything else I have read on the subject, it doesn't explore a possibility that is all too obvious. Israel will not make peace until all Arab claims to territories held by Israel are relinquished. Since this is unlikely, there will never be peace there.

All the evidence seems to show that Israel is the aggressor; Israel is an expansionist country. The first battle of the 1967 war was fought so swiftly and decisively by Israel that it could only have been a planned Israeli attack. The territories gained were the objectives of that attack. So it's obvious that if Israel gives up those territories she will have fought for nothing. And, so long as there is no settlement in the Mideast, Israel will have an excuse the next time she wants to expand her territory. It will be an "instant replay" of the 1967 war.

Trenton, N.J. HELMUT J. BRENDT

Power to the Students!

I wish to congratulate F. Reid Buckley on his "Give Power to the Students" [April 20]. He discovered independently the proposal I elaborated in my *Education As an Industry* (1956). No mean feat. I am pleased to have support from him and other good independent sources for my proposal (first publicized in 1952).

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The Case for SILVER

Is there a safe way for you to invest?

SILVER DEMAND HEADED UP

Silver compounds provide light-sensitivity for photographic films and papers. Eastman Kodak—America's largest silver consumer—alone requires 35 million ounces each year to supply its needs.

The number of snapshots taken in America has grown 15% annually in recent years. Sharper competition among Kodak, Polaroid and such major foreign photographic firms as Agfa and Fuji, should enhance this trend. The demand for silver should grow proportionately.

In addition, high technology companies such as IBM and General Electric require silver for catalysts, brazing alloys, solders, contacts and conductors. In 1969, these companies consumed 54 million ounces—up 10 million ounces from the year before!

During the 1960s, commercial demand for silver jumped 139 million ounces—over 60% —even though the price rose more than 95%. Thus the demand for silver is inelastic: It grows in the face of substantial price increases.

Economic analyst William F. Rickenbacker believes only an enormous rise in the price of silver will halt this growing commercial demand.

SILVER MINING— CAN IT CATCH UP?

Total silver demand topped silver mining production each year since 1951. From 1961 on, the excess demand was more than 100 million ounces.

Over 65% of newly minted silver comes as a by-product of copper, lead, zinc and other base metal mining operations. So mining companies cannot boost production of these metals unprofitably just to catch a rise in the price of silver. Thus the supply of silver, like the demand, is unresponsive to minor price changes.

Mr. Rickenbacker expects silver mining to grow gradually during the next decade. But he doesn't believe it can catch up with demand.

THE PRICE OF SILVER— HEADED UP?

Until recently, the supply deficit was filled by sales from the U.S. Treasury's vast hoard of silver. But this hoard—over two *billion* ounces in 1960—has dropped to a mere 30 *million* ounces, and now the Treasury is no longer supplying silver.

Because demand tops mining production by so great a margin, a rise in the price of silver seems inevitable.

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"By now it should not be necessary to caution against an over-simple approach to the silver situation. A great number of forces are at work in the silver markets (and therefore) the outlook is not knowable in detail.... But the general size and shape of things to come should be available to the patient student."

—William F. Rickenbacker
WOODEN NICKELS

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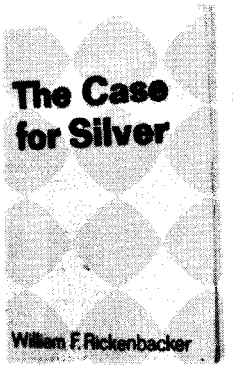

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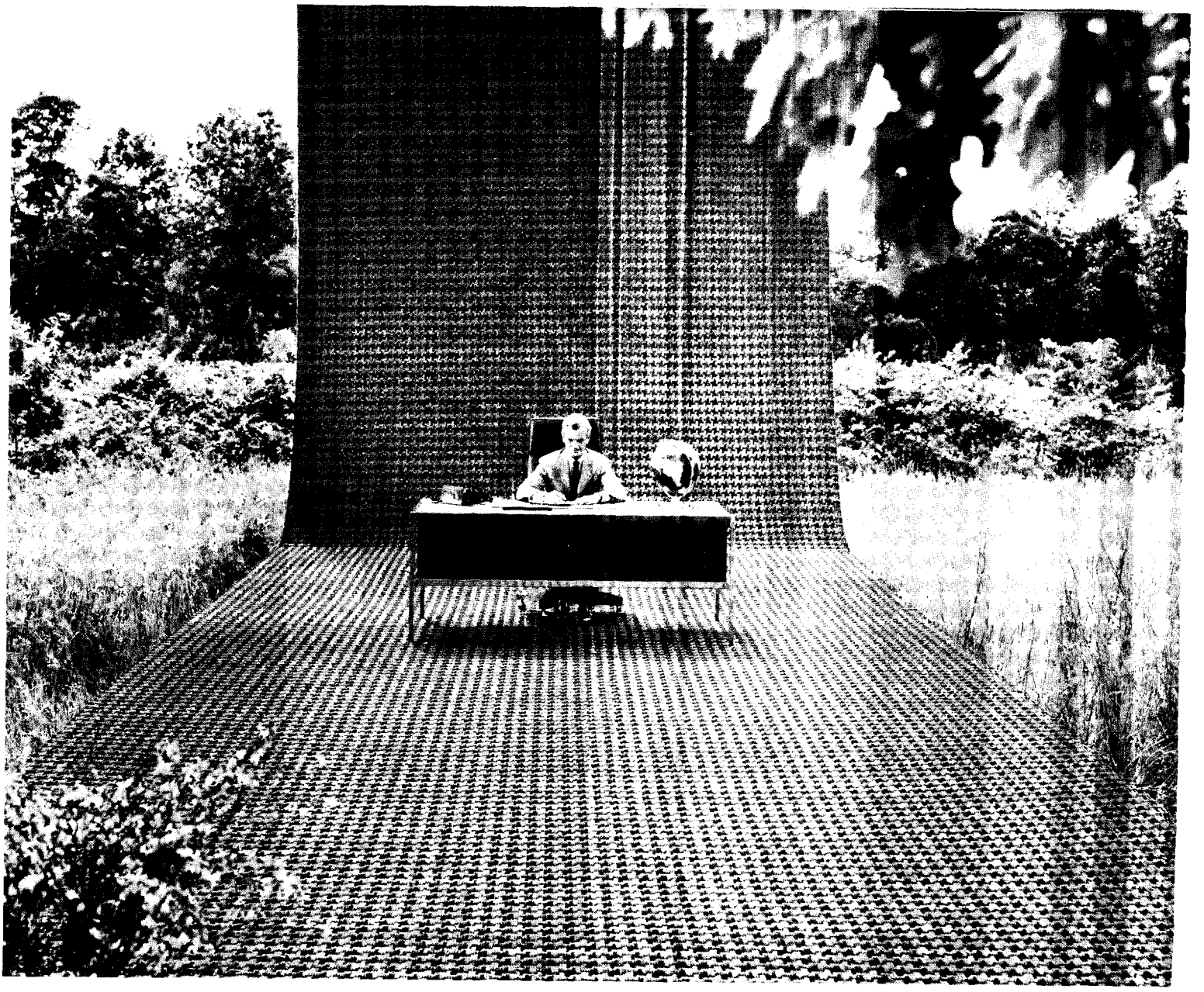

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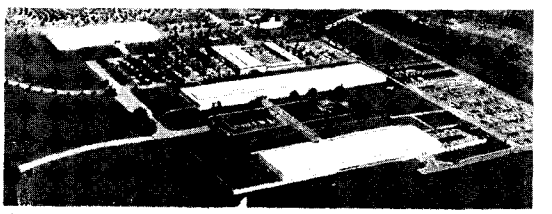

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My original proposal stressed two additional advantages of financing education by loans to students: 1) Poor students would no longer be compelled to go to state or city universities—they would have the same choice as rich students. Indeed, there would be little reason left for replacing private with public colleges as we do now. 2) We would stop compelling taxpayers to support students whose lifetime earnings will exceed those of the taxpayers who had to support them.

Finally, the proposal (which I hope will now be supported by all Buckleys whatsoever, nearly a majority of the population) will make it unnecessary to worry about whether the government should subsidize denominational colleges etc. Students should pay for the full cost of their education themselves, be enabled to get loans to do so, and choose any college they wish. And, yes, by all means, fewer scholarships. If you want to give money, give it for research.

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

More on the IRA

James Burnham admits that the purpose of his column [April 20] was not "to tell the story of Northern Ireland's troubles." That is good, because he seems to have some gross misconceptions about that troubled area. The most serious is his assertion that the "provisionals' " secession from the official IRA was in "a Maoist-Guevara-Debray direction." In fact, the "provisionals," who are regarded by most to be the vast majority of the IRA, broke with the Dublin-based "officials" in no small part because of the latter group's Marxism and NLF tactics.

The "provisionals" are, for the most part, the traditional irredentists, and many of their supporters in the Irish-American community, I would venture to say, are probably NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers and conservatives in the American context. Indeed, a leftist analysis of the Northern Irish situation from the other side of Burnham's "Protracted Conflict" lenses might easily conclude that it was a struggle between rival fascisms: the "provisionals" and the Paisleyites. Such an analysis would be just as wrong. This all goes to demonstrate the danger of being too ready to interpret foreign developments exclusively in the cold war context.

New York, N.Y. JOHN P. MCCARTHY

In the column to which Prof. McCarthy refers, I stated that a) the Falls Road area "is the only Catholic zone in Belfast remaining under 'official' control" and b) the "official" IRA "is itself Marxist in outlook." If the "provisionals" objected to the "officials" because the latter used "NLF tactics," it could only be because those tactics were not being used widely and ruthlessly enough. I am afraid that Prof. McCarthy—like, I think, most Americans, and especially Americans of Irish descent

(Continues on page 552)

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THE WEEK

■ CHAIRMAN MAO STRIKES AGAIN: Two Chinese teenagers read about Chairman Mao's Great Ping-Pong Ploy last week, got themselves an inner tube, filled it with ping-pong balls and floated across Deep Bay to freedom in Hong Kong.

■ The White House Conference on Youth is the latest in the Nixon Administration's series of quite unsatisfactory conferences, committees and task forces. Supposed to be a representative sampling of American youth, cutting across ideological lines, the Conference wound up recommending the same things one would expect from, say, a moderate SDS chapter or Charles Reich, and recommending them in the language of the Committee To Abolish Original Sin (e.g., from the preamble to their report: "The high ideals upon which this country was founded have never been a reality for all people from the beginning to the present day"). Among the proposals to which the Conference urged "the government and power structures to respond swiftly, actively and constructively" are the following: All U.S. troops should be withdrawn from Indochina by December 31, 1971; every American should receive health care; the coal industry should be nationalized and strip-mining abolished; the President should go on television within six months and officially denounce racism; the concept and principle of a guaranteed adequate income should be a right of the individual; the defense budget for fiscal year 1972 should be limited to $50 billion; any sexual behavior between consenting, responsible individuals must be recognized and tolerated by society as an acceptable life-style. But after all, these things are *expected* to be our young people's most urgent priorities; and, as Dr. Spock pointed out so long ago, children enjoy doing what is expected of them.

■ Berkeley's new city council held its first meeting May 4, and the three self-styled revolutionists elected in March—D'Army Bailey, Ilona Hancock and Ira Simmons—lost no time in defining their approach to the problems of government. All three remained seated and silent while the other members rose, according to the established tradition, to salute the flag and recite the pledge of allegiance. Together with Mayor Widener, a signer of the People's Peace Treaty drawn up in Hanoi last year by North Vietnamese and New Left-American students, the revolutionists are in a 4 to 4 stalemate in the council. The eight must now elect a ninth member, who will presumably swing the balance.

■ Leslie Bacon is the name of the young (nineteen) girl who has been arrested, charged with having had something to do with the bombing of the Capitol a month ago. Everybody is being heard on the subject of Miss Bacon and her proclivities, including of course her parents, who say of her that she is an "honest, determined and straightforward" girl who has always "scrupulously avoided having anything to do with violence." We shall see. Meanwhile, it is worth noting that, most indisputably, *somebody* put a bomb in the Capitol, and that most probably it was somebody who theretofore had eschewed violence. Most bombers aren't recidivists. Bombing, as a running occupation, is very rare. Oh yes, the *New York Times*' bio on Miss Bacon comes up with the following. "As a girl, Miss Bacon attended the Sacred Heart School, a Roman Catholic elementary school in Atherton. It was a strict school, according to an account that she gave a friend in Washington, who said: 'They were taught, for instance, that you don't put a white tablecloth on the table when a boy is coming to dinner because it might remind him of bed.' " Really. We do wish the *NYT* would show just a little skepticism when they run into stories like that (we checked with the school, and of course it's phony), even as we would do if an ex-*Times* staffer reported that, while doing training as a reporter for the *Times*, he was instructed never to look out a window facing west, lest he be tempted to think about Ronald Reagan.

■ It is hard to be sure whether Secretary of State William P. Rogers' trip to the Mideast was arranged in the primary interest of a Mideast settlement or of Secretary Rogers' public image. Certainly he got from it the most extensive and favorable publicity of his Cabinet career, and he was doing conspicuously what a Secretary of State is supposed to do. And by all accounts he handled himself gracefully, however little of substance a package tour of this sort can really accomplish. He may have done somewhat more than that. Mr. Rogers is an experienced, very capable lawyer. Lawyers are trained to

Let the Busing Commence

In Mecklenburg County, they're busing;
  Miami will bus into Dade.
St. Louis will push way out in the bush
  To integrate every last grade.
Though Mobile's deficient in buses,
  They'll bloody well order more soon.
New Orleans somehow will learn to kow-tow
  And dance to the Justices' tune.
In Memphis, Paducah and Macon
  The bus will be sallying forth.
But nobody seems to go to extremes
  To integrate schools in the North.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Is Mr. Nixon in Command of His Own Shop?

This leaflet was distributed to employees of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare a month ago

HEW PEACE ACTIVITIES

APRIL 7 (WED) INDOCHINESE FILM FESTIVAL (first of three weekly films to be shown each Wednesday) 12 Noon to 1:00 PM Room 1137-North Title: "AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT" (45 minutes). This film portrays the effects of the war on the Indochinese civilian population and presents the May Day Movement's demand: "If the Government won't stop the war-we'll stop the Government."

APRIL 8 (THURS) RENNIE DAVIS, National Coordinator of the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice 11:45 AM North Auditorium. He will speak on the spring anti-war activities and how HEW employees can become involved.

APRIL 14 (WED) INDOCHINESE FILM FESTIVAL (film #2) Title: "PEOPLE'S WAR" Rm. 1137-North. This film shows the North Vietnamese people under war conditions (August 1969) organizing to defend their country.

APRIL 15 (THURS) VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR 11:45 AM Room G-751 North. Representatives of the estimated 5,000 Vietnam veterans who will be marching on Washington April 19-23 will speak about the war.

APRIL 21-22 (WED-THURS) REFERENDUM: THE WAR IN INDOCHINA All HEW employees will be asked to participate by voting on several national issues.

APRIL 21 (THURS) INDOCHINA 1971: HOW IS THE WAR DIFFERENT? 11:45 AM Rm G-751 North. A panel of Washington activists, including individuals who have recently met with Vietnamese and Laotians, will speak to the changing characteristics of the war.

APRIL 24 (SAT) PEACE RALLY AND MARCH The Federal employee's contingent will meet at 10:30 AM in McPherson Square (15 & K Streets, N.W.).

APRIL 28 (WED) "THE ADVOCATE": SPECIAL ISSUE This issue of The Advocate will focus entirely on HEW and its relationship to the war.

APRIL 28 (WED) INDOCHINESE FILM FESTIVAL (last of 3) 12 Noon to 1 PM, Rm. 1137-North. Title: "STRUGGLE FOR LIFE" This film was produced by the National Liberation Front (NLF) to show the struggle for liberation in South Vietnam and to show the health services provided by the NLF.

APRIL 29 (THURS) PEOPLE'S LOBBY HEW will be the all-day focal point of the anti-war activities. Representatives from NWRO and SCLC will discuss the war and oppression here at home with HEW employees at 12 Noon in the Auditorium.

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bring about meetings of minds, if that is possible, and if not, a softening of the clash. The most encouraging thing about the Mideast conflict is that nearly a year has passed without its hotting up. Mr. Rogers' visit may have helped keep it cooled a while longer. In time ceasefire might become a habit, even if nothing gets "settled."

■ During the same week as the protests in Washington, one of our editors was handed a leaflet in Times Square. The authors: student members of Agrupación Estudiantil Abdala, sixteen of whom are up for trial in New York's criminal courts. Their crime: demonstrating at the UN for Cuban freedom. "We were insulted and beaten by the Security Guards of the United Nations without taking into consideration that four of us were minors and two were girls . . . the United Nations accuses us of Criminal Trespassing . . . because we demanded self-determination for Cuban people. Our only crime is that we have lost our country to a foreign imperialism and that we are fighting to regain her. We are combating a Sino-Soviet imperialism that kills and robs in Cuba . . . HELP US!" There it is, with all the ingredients so dear to the commentators and columnists—kids, clubs, repression, self-determination. Did you read about it?

■ Amnesty International is seeking the release of two prisoners being held by the Republic of China. One of them, Ch'en Chung-tung, is a young doctor who was sentenced in 1969 by a secret military court to fifteen years in prison for being a leader of the Taiwan indepen-

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dence movement. The other is Chen Yu-hsi, a young student, who was forcibly taken from Tokyo to Taipei in 1968 and was subsequently sentenced to seven years in prison. The sentences seem harsh and unreasonable, and we trust that the Republic of China will take yet another opportunity to distinguish its ways from those of its neighbor.

■ Is everybody wising up, or is there a hard-liner in the woodpile? This year's Moscow International Film Festival will have to get along without American films—because, says the State Department, films "highly offensive" to the United States were shown at the last two Festivals. (According to the script, the Festival is supposed to encourage "humanism in cinema art, peace and friendship among nations" and is expressly not supposed to show films that "offend national feelings of other countries participating.") There's also an unstated reason: anger over the Russians' cancellation of a U.S. tour by the Bolshoi Ballet. "Bolshoit," says our Uncle Cletus. "Everybody knows we make the best anti-American films in the world."

"Let them eat cake."

■ "Our most urgent task is to end the war in Vietnam by an honorable and lasting settlement which respects the rights of all the people of Vietnam. . . . We have borne a heavy burden in helping South Vietnam to counter aggression and subversion from the North. We reject as unacceptable a unilateral withdrawal of our forces which would allow that aggression and subversion to succeed." From the platform of the Democratic Convention that nominated the Humphrey-Muskie slate in 1968.

The Kent State Four

The reek of phoniness quickly became asphyxiating. On Monday, for example, John Filo, a student at Kent State, received a Pulitzer Prize for his famous photograph of the coed kneeling over the body of the fallen Kent State student—a photograph of unexpected symbolic significance: for the kneeling girl was not in fact a student at all, but a runaway drifter inhabiting the hippie-radical fringes of the campus, and an excellent symbol therefore of the pathology of Kent State and many other campuses as well. (She was recognized in the picture by her parents, taken home, has since run away again and is in a "juvenile home" in Florida, committed for six months. She is now fifteen.)

On Tuesday, the anniversary of the shootings, CBS pulled out all the stops, about half of the 7 P.M. Walter Cronkite show being given over to the Kent State Four, including long interviews with the parents, the main point of which was the drummed-in conclusion that justice is dead in America, and that the troops were simple murderers. No mention was made of the riot, arson and mayhem, fully documented in both the Scranton Commission Report and in James Michener's new book, which preceded the events of May 4, 1970.

Out on the campus itself, a characteristic happening took place, complete, as these things now go, with such religious trappings as a "candlelight vigil," tolling bell and so forth. Somebody read Yevtushenko's poem about Allison Krause, which begins with those immortal lines "You were killed because/You loved flowers"—no doubt an instance of Socialist Realism. May 4 turned out in fact to be a prime poetic event, the *Times* reprinting in the editorial section a poem by the South African novelist Alan Paton, which concludes that "America's" fingers are "dripping/ With children's blood" and that, therefore, Paton can't shake hands with us. To paraphrase Oscar Wilde's aperçu: You would have a heart of stone to read Paton's verse without laughing. None of the

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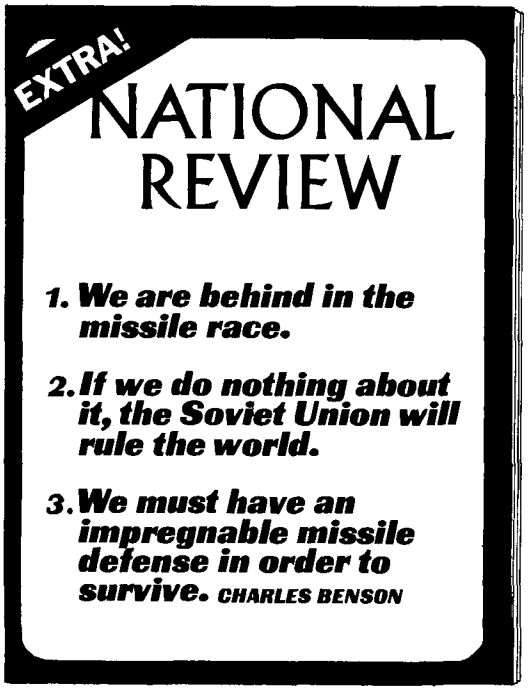
"This may be the most important article National Review has ever published." —Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

ARE OUR DEFENSES WEAK?


EXTRA!
NATIONAL REVIEW
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2. If we do nothing about it, the Soviet Union will rule the world.
3. We must have an impregnable missile defense in order to survive. CHARLES BENSON

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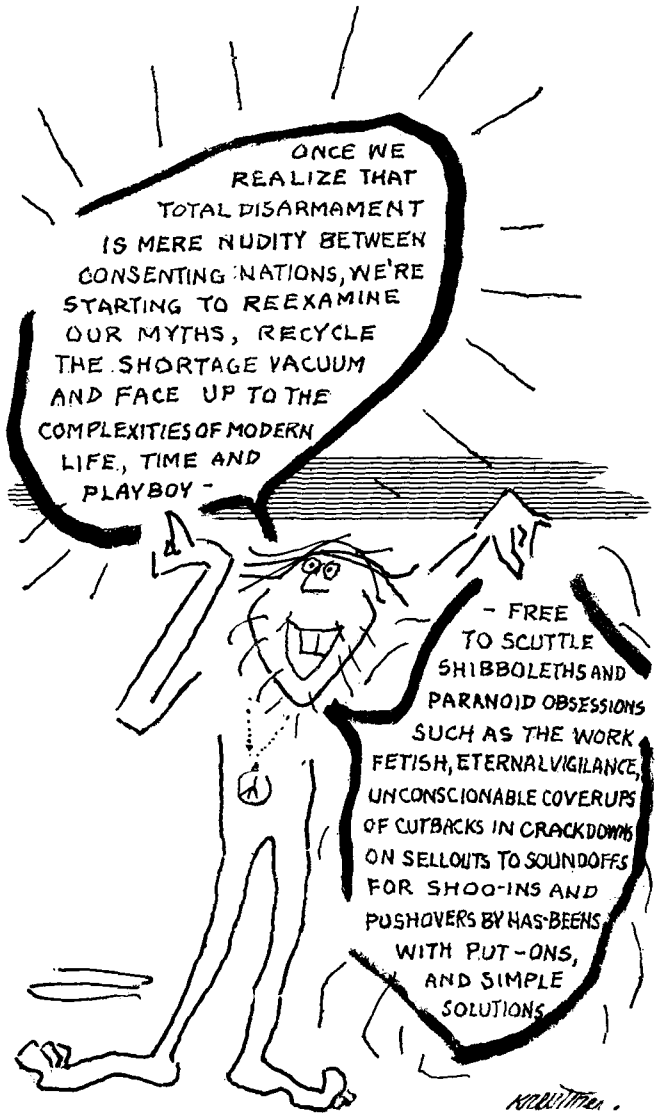
ONCE WE REALIZE THAT TOTAL DISARMAMENT IS MERE NUDITY BETWEEN CONSENTING NATIONS, WE'RE STARTING TO REEXAMINE OUR MYTHS, RECYCLE THE SHORTAGE VACUUM AND FACE UP TO THE COMPLEXITIES OF MODERN LIFE, TIME AND PLAYBOY -
- FREE TO SCUTTLE SHIBBOLETHS AND PARANOID OBSESSIONS SUCH AS THE WORK FETISH, ETERNAL VIGILANCE, UNCONSCIONABLE COVERUPS OF CUTBACKS IN CRACKDOWNS ON SELLOUTS TO SOUNDOFFS FOR SHOO-INS AND PUSHOVERS BY HAS-BEENS WITH PUT-ONS, AND SIMPLE SOLUTIONS

versifiers, to be sure, mentioned the fact that Miss Krause's pockets, when examined, contained fragments of concrete and cinderblock—the clear inference being that she had carried chunks of this material to use as missiles.

Kingman Brewster showed up at Kent State. Mr. Brewster, you will have noticed, is a past master of that mode of rhetoric known as the Implicit Lie. Thus at Kent State he urged the "restoration" of our determination to defend freedom of "unpopular thought and expression"—the Implicit Lie being that the rights of "unpopular thought and expression" are now being violated while we sit supinely by. Brewster did not see fit, however, to allude to those photographs in the Scranton Commission Report that show Jeffrey Miller, dressed in hippie garb, in the act of heaving a tear-gas canister at troops called in by the legal authorities to restore order. And not much was said about the repeated violation of the rights of the citizens of the town of Kent, the acts of trashing, riot, physical assault and mayhem issuing from the hippie-radical culture which has long been symbiotic on the Kent State campus; and not much was said about the violation of the rights of the ordinary citizens of Washington, D.C.—to walk the streets in peace, to be governed in an orderly way by representative institutions—which was taking place even as the "vigils" and whatnot were going on at Kent State.

The truth is that the Kent State Four died as a direct result of the encouragement of street politics and mob rule during the past several years by the very same abstractionists and hypocrites who were mourning them at Kent State and in the nation's printed and electronic media, and taking the opportunity to disparage their country.

How about It, Sister?

When J. Edgar Hoover suggested that Fr. Philip Berrigan and others might be guilty of plotting to bomb and kidnap, the chorus of disbelief made the welkin ring. Fr. Philip Berrigan and his brother, huffed Pete Hamill, "are two of the most gentle, truly pacific people in this country." The only plotter, according to Hamill and others, was J. Edgar Hoover, trying to extort money out of Congress with hoked-up scare stories.

The indictment by a grand jury, two months later, of Fr. Philip Berrigan, Sister Elizabeth McAlister and four others, gave few of the choristers second thoughts. At the arraignment, Mary McGrory fairly swooned over the spectacle of "early Christian joy against uptightness," with the defendants "hugging and kissing each other and smiling and beaming." It was obvious, everybody who was anybody agreed, that Hoover was trying to frame the nonviolent Berrigan, the "soft-spoken, idealistic" Sister Elizabeth, the "boyish, neat, open-faced" lesser priests, the "distinguished scholar and fellow of the Adlai Stevenson Institute for International Affairs" Eqbal Ahmad, and all the other Beautiful People. Every other news dispatch noted that the group just didn't look the part; many Americans, forgetful that appearances are often deceiving and unused to men and women of the cloth plotting violence, must have agreed.

The accused protested their innocence. The Berrigan brothers denounced the charges as a "fabrication by the government" meant to "destroy the peace movement." "There is not an iota of truth in the specific charges," said Dr. Ahmad. But Sister Elizabeth was the star of the show. She hit the lecture circuit hard, bringing to every campus and parish an expanded version of the statement read by her on behalf of all those charged (plus seven more named but not charged) after the arraignment: "We are thirteen men and women who state with clear conscience that we are neither conspirators nor bombers nor kidnapers. In principle and in fact we have rejected all acts such as those of which we have been accused. . . . Unlike our accuser, the government of the United States, we have not advocated nor engaged in violence against human beings."

On closer reading, some of the statements are less

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than forthright. Dr. Ahmad had added: "We had discussed publicly and privately large numbers of possible things that the antiwar movement could or could not do." *Discussed.* As for Sister Elizabeth: " . . . we are neither conspirators nor bombers nor kidnapers." Conspiracy is a tricky word, open to a number of definitions. And quite true, they hadn't—*yet*—bombed anything or kidnaped anybody. "We have rejected all [such] acts . . ." *Have*—up until now? "We have not advocated nor engaged in violence against human beings." Well, yes, it *was* a heating tunnel, not a human being, that was to be bombed; kidnaping someone is not *necessarily* doing him violence. Ambiguities, ambiguities . . .

Comes now the (so far) latest word: An exchange of letters between Sister Elizabeth and Philip Berrigan—letters the genuineness of which the prosecution must be certain of, else they would not have made them public. With lighthearted, early Christian joy, Sister Elizabeth relays a plan developed by Dr. Ahmad ("Eq"), "to kidnap—in our terminology make a citizens arrest of—someone like Henry Kissinger. . . . To issue a set of demands, e.g. cessation of use of B52s over N. Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, & release of political prisoners. Hold him for about a week during which time big wigs of the liberal ilk would be brought to him—also kidnaped if necessary . . . & hold a trial or grand jury affair out of which an indictment would be brought. There is no pretense of these demands being met & he would be released. . . . The liberals would also be released as would a film of the whole proceedings. . . . Think about it & maybe when I see you in Danbury I can get your thoughts as well as fill you in on where the plan lies."

Thus the "soft-spoken" nun, the teacher of art history with the "voice like rain on the roof" (Mary McGrory again), to whom the "nonviolent" Father Berrigan replied: "About the plan—the first time opens the door to murder. . . . When I refer to murder it is not to prohibit it absolutely . . . it is merely to observe that one has set the precedent, and that later on, when govm't resistance to this sort of thing stiffens, men will be killed . . . the project as you outlined it is brilliant, but grandiose. . . . Nonetheless, I like the plan and am just trying to weave elements of modesty into it. Why not coordinate it with the one against capitol utilities? . . . Why not grab the Brain Child. . . . Then have batteries of movement people —Brain Child blindfolded—engage him on policy. . . . One thing should be implanted in that pea brain—that respectable murderers like himself are no longer inviolable. . . . It can be done and brilliantly."

So profound a shock did the revelation of this correspondence create, that at this writing not a single one of the unbelieving choristers has suggested forgery, or even good old invasion of privacy.

To Your Good Health

One way or another, we
Shall soon get health insurance—"free."
The President would like to weight
The private sector with the freight,
While Teddy's triggered to explode
If Washington won't bear the load.
I think both propositions stink;
And what's more, Teddy's tend to sink.

W. H. VON DREELE

X to G Rating

If you take the McAlister-Berrigan letters as printed in the *Times* on May 1, and compare them with the texts as they appear elsewhere, in the *Washington Post* of the same date, say, you find that the *Times* cleaned up the text here and there. A little way into her letter, Sister McAlister is observing that Kissinger, as a bachelor, presents an inviting target since "he would be anxious to have unguarded moments where he could carry on his private affairs—literally and figuratively." The *Times* omits the last three words.

In the Berrigan reply, the full text contains the sentence: "The thing to do is find out where he goes for weekends, or where he shacks up—if he shacks up." The *Times* cleans this up by cutting everything after "weekends."

Now we mustn't print anything to smudge the image of demure nuns and nice old priests, right? Dr. Bowdler, thou art living at this hour.

China Policy: The Balance Sheet

From the time of Mao's conquest of the mainland in 1949 until the Great Proletarian Ping-Pong Revolution of 1971, this country has held to a two-part policy on China: a) political and economic boycott of the Communist regime in Peking, and b) recognition and support of the Nationalist regime in Taipei. Now that we are preparing to think along with Mao, it is easy to predict how this interlude in Chinese-American relations is going to be embalmed in the accepted mythology.

"Sound scholarship" (as Max Frankel has recently named it) will soon be agreed that the old policy was a paranoid disorder foisted on the country by the terror tactics of the China Lobby and locked in by bureaucratic sclerosis. It will be clearly irrelevant, not to speak of unmannerly, to note that this policy was consistently pursued by five Presidents so otherwise diverse as Harry Truman, Democrat; Dwight Eisenhower, Republican; John Kennedy, Democrat; Lyndon Johnson, Democrat of Texas; and, for a while at any rate, Richard Nixon, Republican; and by five no-less-random Secretaries of State.

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No policy is good forever. We shall not argue here whether the time is indeed ripe for a turn, or exactly what the most desirable turn would be. But before the books are closed, let's check four or five of the profit items that ought to be entered when assessing the old policy's net balance.

Our policy saved the inhabitants of Taiwan, both native Taiwanese and refugees from the mainland, from conquest by Mao. Chiang Kai-shek's regime on Taiwan has not been a model of Jeffersonian democracy, but under it there has been no mass slaughter, and a negligible amount of terror as regimes go nowadays. It has carried out the world's most successful reform of peasant agriculture. In economic growth and standard of living, Taiwan ranks next to Japan in Asia. If we had not had our "hard" past policy, there can be no doubt that Mao would have taken over Taiwan in 1950.

If it had not been for our policy, the road would have been open for the Chinese Communist drive to gain ascendancy over the communities of overseas Chinese, located in the strategic port-cities of the world. Our political resistance to Mao, and our support that enabled an alternate Chinese center to continue in existence, gave these communities a chance to reorganize themselves after the trauma of the revolutionary war, and to achieve, in many cases, a sufficient autonomy to keep aloof from Mao's regime. Witness, conspicuously, our own fellow citizens of Chinese stock.

Without our policy, South Korea would probably have been conquered by the Communists in 1950. In the absence of the Soviet delegate, the Communist Chinese delegate in the UN Security Council would have cast the veto against UN support of South Korea. It is doubtful that we would have acted without the UN sanction.

The widespread ostracism of the Chinese Communist government fostered by our policy, and our reciprocal support of the Taipei government, braked Chinese Communist penetration of Africa, especially in West Africa. It did so in part directly, and further by giving the Nationalist Chinese the opportunity to develop productive political, commercial and technical relations with many of the new African nations.

Our policy had the effect of shielding defeated and prostrate Japan from Chinese (and also from Soviet) influence. It provided a strategic, political and economic framework within which Japan's dazzling recovery unfolded in harmony with our interests, outside the Camp of Socialism and Peace.

We believe also—though this is harder to demonstrate—that without our hard line toward Peking and the more general global policy of which it was an expression, the Communists of Indonesia, closely linked with Peking, would have won out in that country. That would have meant the collapse of our entire position and interest in the western Pacific.

True enough, these and any other claimed credits must be set against the debits to get the final balance. What would have been gained (and lost) if we had adopted from the start a contrary policy, toward Mao's government, of recognition and proferred détente? Hypotheses contrary to fact are notoriously slippery. The experiences of those nations that did adopt such a policy in those years, however, does not indicate a sumptuous harvest. —JB

(Reprinted from the *New York Times*, May 5)

Glenda Farrell Is Dead

Tough cookie from a saner age, farewell.
When I was seven, you were playing molls
And Dillinger was raising holy hell.
Nor was it hard to tell the guys from dolls.
We weren't over-regulated then:
Joe Kennedy could bootleg Haig & Haig
And make a mint before you'd count to ten.
The government was gloriously vague.
You made it or you muffed it on your own;
Security was strictly your affair.
Though Edward G. was sometimes on the phone,
He fingered you in classic laissez-faire.
That age is gone, and so is Glenda Farrell.
The rest of us are splayed across a barrel.

W. H. von Dreele

Rule, Not Ruin

Once again, Mr. Nixon's Supreme Court (the appellation is interesting and significant, considering that Mr. Nixon appointed only two of the Justices) has ruled in a way that will not please the liberals, and for a number of reasons. On two separate grounds, raised in two separate cases, the Court refused to rule that capital punishment is unconstitutional; but it also refused to consider the third and more basic question, which was not raised, namely the applicability to capital punishment of the Constitution's proscription of cruel and unusual punishment.

One of the two cases challenged the one-verdict system under which the jury determines both guilt or innocence and punishment at the same time. The defendant asserted that the Constitution requires a split-verdict system, under which the jury considers guilt and punishment separately, and which allows the defendant to remain silent during the trial of his guilt but to testify concerning any mitigative circumstances when the jury considers his punishment. In the one-step system, so the reasoning goes, whatever the defendant might say in mitigation might increase the likelihood of his being convicted, in which case the procedure is supposed to violate the Fifth Amendment's provision against self-incrimination. The Court rejected the reasoning that making the choice forces a defendant to incriminate himself, and the decision would seem to say more about the Fifth Amendment than about capital punishment.

The second case challenged the constitutionality of allowing a jury to impose the death penalty without reference to detailed standards. The Court did not find

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- ☐ FATHER'S DAY
- ☐ GRADUATION
- ☐ BIRTHDAY
- ☐ MAN IN THE SERVICE
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the procedure unconstitutional and pointed out that it has been traditional for juries, representing the conscience of their communities, to decide who should be executed. And if who should be executed, why not—for example—what constitutes pornography in the community?

The Court might have decided the key constitutional question of whether capital punishment is cruel and unusual, but that question was not before the Court and it restrained itself. It is tempting to regard the Court's action as a victory for its implications concerning the Fifth Amendment, federalism and judicial restraint rather than as a significant statement on capital punishment.

Let There Be Darkness

When the trade-off between the public demand for electric power and the arguments of frenetic environmentalists becomes immediate and obvious, the decision is usually made to allow the utilities to produce the power. This is what happened, in some degree, last week in Illinois, where Commonwealth Edison was given permission to start operating a nuclear plant this summer before a cooling lake for the heated water discharge will have been completed. Unless the plant goes into operation, the authorities found, "severe hardship" would be imposed on schools and hospitals in the service area. However, under the ruling the company may still have to interrupt supply to several large steel plants before it can operate the nuclear facility at full capacity.

As Hendrick Houthakker, a member of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisors, remarked recently in a speech notable for common sense and objectivity (qualities that earned it the label of "a shabby statement" from the *New York Times*): "The problem of environment is primarily one of choice." When the chips are down, as they have been in New York City for the past two years, and the direct choice is between electric power now or darkened hospitals and streets, the environmentalist slogans disappear in the smoke of the antiquated power plants which the utility company has been unable to replace, thanks to environmentalist crusades.

But when the direct pressure is off, and the issue becomes that of building, today, a power plant that will come into operation seven years from now, the environmentalists have a circus. The politicians, who have extreme difficulty thinking seven years ahead, are swept along. This is precisely what has happened in New York City.

In 1964 New York's Consolidated Edison predicted a peak load demand for power five years hence that was off only 2 per cent. At that time the company estimated, on the basis of its planned construction program, that it would be able to meet the predicted demand with a substantial reserve capacity. But this latter estimate was 14 per cent too high. The single most important factor in that catastrophic miss was the company's failure to get permission—originally applied for in 1963—to build a two thousand megawatt pumped storage facility at a location on the Hudson River. This failure was brought about by a covey of lawyers representing a few thousand people who are profoundly worried about the fish and scenery in that area. If this facility had been in operation, New York City's seven million inhabitants would have been enjoying a comfortable power reserve instead of the series of blackouts and brownouts, with all their attendant troubles, inconveniences, expenses and tragedies, that have afflicted the City for the past two years and will be getting much worse in the years just ahead.

The demand of the public for power is going to increase enormously in coming years. By 1990 it will be for a total load four times today's. Besides the new generating plants, the transmission of that load will require construction of another 100,000 miles of high voltage lines. It is not clear whether the utility companies will be permitted to meet this need. If they are not, the frustrated public is going to respond with the demand that the state and federal governments take over the power business, since this will be seen as the only way in which obstructionist tactics of a tiny fraction of the populace can be overcome. Perhaps this is what some of the environmental crusaders have in mind.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Your reaction to the Lt. Calley verdict is interesting. Here is proof—if any were needed—of your total alienation from the right wing in this country. At one time in history, you were considered a leader of this segment of the population, but you have long since abdicated in favor of George Wallace. You are out of touch now with the right wing, as out of touch as are others of the liberals in the communications media. It is strange that you should have degenerated to this state. Apparently, you could only maintain your fragile leadership while a national Democrat was president. Once they were replaced by a Republican, the hypocrisy of your stand became obvious. Your support of the liberal Democrat, Richard Nixon, has undermined whatever remaining credibility you had enjoyed. Now you are actually aligned against the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars and with people like James Wechsler, Adlai Stevenson, Mary McGrory, and the *NY Times* and *Washington Post*.

It is easy to "be proud of" verdicts of imprisonment or death from the safety of one's fireside. There is a certain cowardice in hearing the rich, draft-free writers sound off sanctimoniously about "massacres" while still

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enjoying the use of two arms, two legs, two eyes, a complete liver, etc. Since their human parts have never been exposed to the dangers of "fragging" by "old ladies and little children," their defense of Communist agents comes with ill grace.

With the true outlook of the snob "élite," you find it would be "preposterous and cruel" to hang Westmoreland. While I am not, like the Queen in *Alice-in-Wonderland*, crying "Off with his head," I cannot help but notice that you are in favor of the verdict for a little redneck that rose to Lt. but not for the patrician Westmoreland. This rather clearly defines the difference between you and Wallace—you have never been for the peasants, the little guys. You are always siding with the nobility. We serfs don't trust you to lead us.

A person like you cannot lead a movement of the people, because you scorn us. You can head a *little* band of writers and philosophers that is all. The people have discovered that you are not one of them.

Enjoy this Republican President! There won't be another one for a long time, because he has denigrated Republicanism. [Anonymous]

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Some correspondents witheringly demand to know where you found Mr. Svend Petersen. How about revisiting the place and corralling some others like him? His puzzles, with the possible exception of those in the New York Sunday *Times*, are the only ones in town that offer real zest and challenge and are a welcome antidote to the pallid stuff served up by most publications. I suggest that his detractors get themselves an unabridged dictionary, a sense of humor and a few more brains.

Cordially yours,
Ethel R. Seely
Brooklyn, New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Relative to the Trans-O-Grams, I can't do them either, but I have devised a scheme to get a lot of fun out of them anyway.

I cheat!!!

I wait for the next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and then check the author and source of the quotation. I do not read the text. With the first letter of every word, I can generally struggle through about five out of every ten. With the other five, I then examine the text, filling in a few words at a time until it flies by itself.

In one case, my cleaning lady disposed of my "solution" copy (I get behind sometimes). I arrived at my cheat threshold only to have no crutch. I swam upstream for one whole Sunday and exhausted every bit of source material in my home. Finally made it. What satisfaction!!

At any rate, please keep printing the Trans-O-Grams. Even with my dubious technique, the whole exercise is an exhilarating frolic in semantics which is sorely needed by even those who have to cheat.

Cordially,
Jean Widdicombe
Whittier, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Your postscript to Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney said that I am program director at Devils' Island. It should have been Devil's Island!

There are islands that would be much harder to govern, such as Manhattan Island, Great Britain, Erin, and the Islands of Langerhans in the Pancreatic Regions.

With kindest regards, I am, Sincerely yours,
Svend Petersen
Devil's Island

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Is there a better way to spend an hour than reading William von Dreele's new book of poems, *There's Something about a Liberal*?

Yours,
Neil McCaffrey
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Mr. McCaffrey: No. And if you have another hour, also be sure to read: Effigies, *by Johannes Eff. The former at your bookstore, or write to Arlington House, New Rochelle, N.Y. ($5.95); the latter, write to F/B Books, Box 1962, Monterey, Calif. ($2.25).* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In a recent column, you said, remarking on the welfare mess and proposing solutions to it: "If parents of a child born out of wedlock are unable or unwilling to care for the child, the parents should be jailed and the child should be put in an institution. For the second bastard, the parents should be sterilized. (Here I note parenthetically the distinction between punitive sterilization and eugenic sterilization. The latter is forbidden by the natural law, by the Catholic Church, and I trust by other churches. Not so the former.)" That is untrue, idiotic, and reprehensible.

Yours, [About thirty correspondents. The letter is a synthesis.]

Dear Sirs: 1) The proposal was not my own, and was clearly marked as the work of an anonymous conservative. 2) The parenthetical observation was also his, not mine. 3) I have surveyed a lengthy exchange between the author and Agatha Schmidt who has dug deeply into the texts, and although said author clings to the insistence that punitive sterilization is a prudential question, my own reading of the document convinces me that the nays have it, i.e., that sterilization for such purposes would not be countenanced by the Catholic Church; nor, understandably, by me. —*WFB*

■ Dear Priscilla Buckley: A propos the fate of my cartoon (Apr. 20), I've been studying El Greco. I understand that when he painted his View of Toledo he sent it to NATIONAL REVIEW and they reduced it down to one column. He was so dismayed that from then on he painted all his Popes and Saints eight feet tall and three and a half inches wide!

Love,
John Kreuttner
—WFB

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CATO

ENTER JACKSON

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Democratic Party leaders are beginning to take the Presidential campaign of Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington seriously. Precisely because the relatively moderate and defense-minded Jackson seemed so unlikely a candidate for a party that seemed to be moving to the left, the former journalist has seen his stock as a dark horse rise sharply. Jackson has his Senate rivals worried.

Jackson's new credibility as a candidate stems from three factors. First, the hierarchy of the Democratic National Committee is gravely alarmed by the headlong rush to the left by all the other leading Democratic Presidential contenders. Second, Jackson's steady cultivation of union members and Jewish voters has been more effective than similar efforts by his necessarily circumspect Democratic rivals. Third, numerous left-leaning Democratic officeholders on the state and local level are facing powerful challenges from the center in 1972; Jackson backers are not reluctant to point to the moral.

Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien, a politician of considerable finesse, is trying to call a halt to efforts to put the Democratic Party in an ideological bind on the war issue. The instant-withdrawal prescription of Senators McGovern, Humphrey, Muskie, Kennedy and Hughes has caused some gnashing of teeth at the grassroots. O'Brien is under pressure to moderate the escalating antiwar fervor of Presidential contenders who may have their issue cut out from under them by President Nixon in the summer of 1972. Jackson is the only candidate around whom Democrats who oppose a precipitate withdrawal can rally. And the fact that Jackson is the "different" candidate on the war issue has forced the National Committee to treat him with greater care than might have been expected in order to avoid charges of favoring one or another position on Vietnam.

Party regulars have been surprised at the extent to which Jackson has managed to pick up backing and money from Jewish and labor groups once allied to old-style liberals like Humphrey. Jackson's ties with the business community have always been good, and his campaign for the work-making SST solidified much of his labor backing.

Jackson's good standing with Jewish leaders comes from his consistent demand that Soviet troops be withdrawn from the Middle East as part of any peace settlement. Other Democratic contenders have avoided this position because it is inconsistent with their plea for closer relations with the USSR. But American friends of Israel recognize in Jackson a hard-liner who sees where the real threat to Israel lies. There is a large group of Jewish leaders who believe that Jackson will give Israel stronger support than any other candidate now in sight, including Humphrey and President Nixon.

■ The trouble some left-wing Democratic officeholders now find themselves in is likewise a boon to Jackson, who sees their problems as symptomatic. A typical case is Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, former Democratic National Chairman and a would-have-been Presidential contender. Harris' left-wing posture has alienated large segments of his moderately conservative constituency. Few Washington observers thought Harris could withstand a Republican challenge in 1972. Now he may not get the chance.

House Speaker Carl Albert has let it be known that Congressman Ed Edmondson will challenge Harris in the Democratic primary. Edmondson, a middle-of-the-roader from Muskogee, could well win over the currently unpopular Harris. An Edmondson victory would boost Jackson, since Harris is associated with such party left-wingers as George McGovern, Birch Bayh and Harold Hughes. Edmondson is thought to consider three Presidential candidates acceptable to his constituency: Muskie, Humphrey and Jackson. Of these, he is closest ideologically to Jackson. Edmondson's support for Jackson would be indicative of the kind of links Jackson has been building with moderate House Democrats.

Another left-leaning Democrat whose problems may benefit Jackson is North Carolina Congressman Nick Galifinakis. Usually thought of as one of the most liberal Democratic representatives from south of the Mason-Dixon line, Galifinakis has lost the bastion of his support (Orange County) in a redistricting move. Some sources expect Galifinakis to save himself and enhance the conservative side of his image by running a campaign for Jackson in the binding North Carolina Presidential primary.

For an improbable candidate Jackson has a number of advantages. Most observers are wondering now whether the Jackson candidacy will have the right and center of the Democratic Party to itself or whether it will exert a pull toward the center on either Humphrey or Muskie.

■ The troubles of Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes have led Washington observers to wonder if the New Politics has already seen its day in the cities. Some Washingtonians are beginning to see Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago as the prototype of a successful mayor simply because he keeps things running. . . . Potential bankrollers of antiwar candidates include New York betting czar and politician Howard Samuels, and Los Angeles art collector Norton Simon. . . . Latest caper over at HEW arousing considerable resentment on the Hill. Activist employees have taken to calling HEW "the people's agency," are also claiming 70 per cent of employees favor a minimum guaranteed annual income of $6,500. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

BARBARIANS AT THE GATES

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Many good, respectable people have taken part in this spring's antiwar campaign. They have contributed money, lent their names to appeals and committees, opened their churches and homes to the Kids, marched on April 24, spoken at rallies.

These good, respectable people, and especially the political figures conspicuous among them, have been anxious, as usual, to distinguish their own "responsible" expression of dissent from the "excesses" of "a small handful." However, granted that their motives were uniformly angelic, this in no way alters the objective consequences of their actions. They entered into a united front with the pro-Moscow Communist Party, the Trotskyist party, and assorted Maoists, Guevarists, anarchists and freaks; they marched beside them and spoke from the same platforms; they condoned and excused their behavior; they gave the revolutionists aid, comfort and cover.

In this operation, the revolutionists were the leaders; the good, respectable people, the led. Is this not plain in the triumphant voice of Madame Binh issuing her orders from Paris? What took place in Washington was a revolutionary field training exercise, designed to test the cadres' ability to assemble a large number of people representing a broad political and social spectrum, to guide these people along predetermined political lines, and to use them as a shield for revolutionary maneuvers.

Non-Proletarian Cultural Revolution

The revolutionary cadres in this country are still tiny, and it may seem absurd to discuss them seriously in strategic terms. But among them are able and energetic persons. Our revolutionary movement has gone through a Great Non-Proletarian Cultural Revolution in the past eight years, from which it is now emerging rejuvenated. This most recent "Spring Offensive" was the first large-scale operation in which there was, from the planning stage on, effective cooperation among the pro-Moscow Communists, the Trotskyists (who have made big strides lately), the Maoists and Ur-Maoists, and the irregulars, freaks and wild men. The disorderly influx of student youth eight years ago, which at first knocked the old-line Communists off their feet, is becoming disciplined and experienced. If it is not yet fused with the old organizations, it is uniting with them in common fronts against the enemy.

The term "antiwar" needs scrutiny. "Antiwar" is not "pacifist." "Antiwar" often means, as now, to be against *this* war—more specifically, against the American side in the Vietnam war. This is what all the revolutionists and some of the others mean. They are not in the least pacifist as should be obvious from their deliberately provocative, aggressive appearance, rhetoric, manner and conduct. They are warriors, but fighting in another war.

The new recruits in our revolutionary movement have perfected several tactics of profound revolutionary significance. One of the most striking is the use of obscenities, blasphemies and guerrilla theater to break down the "sacred" aura—the *mani*—and the taboos that express and support the authority of the magistrates, institutions and procedures without which a social structure cannot hold together. To call policemen "motherfucking pigs" amazes and disgusts at first hearing. But constantly reiterated—in accordance with the precepts of *Mein Kampf*—it gradually alters the social image of the police. It promotes and reinforces, not only in the users of the phrase but in many who hear it, disrespect and scorn for the police, and a willingness to confront and combat them. I can call a cop a "motherfucking pig" and nothing happens to me! I don't get jailed or beaten or even criticized; the respectable people keep marching beside me. So I can go right ahead with the next steps—throwing rocks at the police, bombing police stations, knifing and shooting policemen. Why not? Isn't that the proper way to deal with motherfucking pigs?

So also with professors, congressmen, cabinet members, generals, Presidents. Anything goes with MacBird, doesn't it? And since the President, any President, is a lying fascist murderer, the only fit punishment for him is execution.

A similar tactic is used against procedures. The disruption of speakers and meetings, blocking of entrances, hallways, bridges and highways, occupation and trashing of offices, are obscenities in action. They desecrate and dissolve the processes of communication, transport and administration that are essential to the social structure. Gradually, with repeated performance, these shrewdly subversive actions come to be accepted by public opinion as "a normal part of the democratic process."

Fantastic and Grotesque

It is fantastic that a great nation should permit the assault that has been mounted this spring on the seat of government—on the courts, the ministries of justice, security and defense, on the legislature itself. It is not simply fantastic but grotesque that revolutionists could have operated from and in the headquarters of a major department of government—Health, Education and Welfare—as witness the leaflet reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

But what is most fantastic of all is that we have come to accept these aggressions against civilized order. When the police finally threw the Mayday gang out of West Potomac Park, the university campuses, churches, and (so the newspapers reported) "many private homes" made them welcome. And some people think it's Abbie Hoffman who is crazy! □

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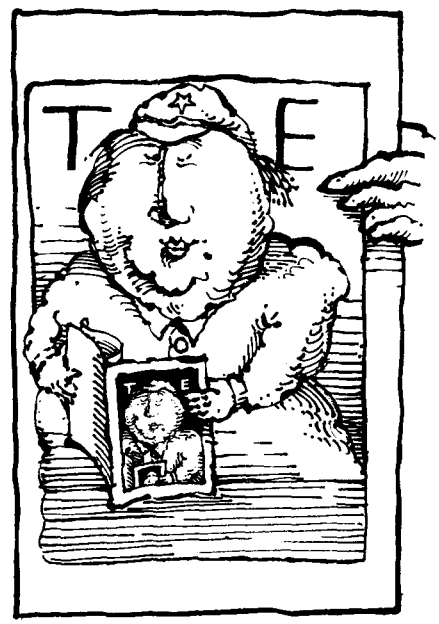
WHERE GOES TIME?

Henry Luce was a great man and a great editor, says John Chamberlain. But he never understood Communism. Nor do his successors. Under them Time Inc. is taking the easy course Luce rejected when the enemy was Nazism

Harry Luce and the Russian Century

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



WHATEVER BECAME of Henry R. Luce's American Century? The twentieth century, so Henry Luce said in 1941 in his famous *Life* editorial, would either belong to the Nazis or the Americans. Well, the Nazis didn't make it. Apparently we aren't going to make it either. Not if Bill Fulbright and his dove coterie, along with certain oddball Republican opponents of the antiballistic missile, have their way. It begins more and more to look as though we are going to have the Russian Century.

If he were alive today what would Harry Luce be saying in his magazines about the drift in America toward a new isolationism that must willy-nilly leave everyone to the tender mercies of Moscow? Mr. Hedley Donovan, Luce's chosen successor as editorial guide at Time Inc., is disarmingly prudential about the Indochina war. Let's end it, he seems to be saying, to save homefront America. But for how long would we be saved? Donovan let Charles J. V. Murphy, once the very knowledgeable *Fortune* and *Life* specialist on geopolitical affairs and comparative armaments, slip away to the *Reader's Digest*. Murphy wasn't exactly retired, nor was he exactly fired; he left of his own accord when it was made plain to him that, while he would be welcome to write about the origins of the Mellon fortune or the economics of the King Ranch, he would not be doing any more Pentagon stories. So it was the *Reader's Digest*, not *Fortune*, that recently published Murphy's brilliant article on America's retreat toward becoming a second-rate military power.

Then there was *Time* Magazine's discovery last December that West Germany's Willy Brandt was indubitably the Man of the Year for 1970 because of his ventures in *Ostpolitik*. This from a magazine edited by Henry Grunwald, once a protégé of Whittaker Chambers. The success of *Ostpolitik* is not immediately apparent after some four months of 1971, and it will take a miracle in the next four months—or the next forty years—to make *Time*'s cover story on Willy Brandt stand up. So what *would* Harry Luce be saying?

I have no doubt that Luce, if he were still alive and editing, would be sniffing danger in the Soviet development of the six-fanged intercontinental missile. But in retrospect Harry Luce has no one to blame but himself for the failure of his journalistic empire to imagine the future if the Soviets ever do get a first-strike atomic jump on the United States. Prodding my own memory, and refreshing it a bit by reading the recent collection of Luce speeches, editorials and memoranda edited by John K. Jessup, I can't locate a single instance in which Harry Luce really took the measure of the Communists.

After the seizure of his beloved China by Mao Tse-tung in 1948, Luce was too good a journalist to think there would be much peace in the remainder of the twentieth century. But his temperamental optimism kept betraying his keener judgment at critical moments. A Calvinist and Presbyterian by upbringing, he was still just about as far from being a predestinarian as anyone could be. Temperamentally he could not believe in any fixed "elect." "Emergent evolution" appealed to him, and he often fell into the so-called gnostic heresy of thinking that Heaven would some day be found on earth. His spiritual compass vibrated between the pessimistic metaphysics of Reinhold Niebuhr and the scientific hopelessness of Teilhard de Chardin and de Nouy, who thought of man in "breakthrough" terms that made Humanity a creative accomplice of the Deity and put few, if any, limitations on our earthly future.

Communism and Fascism

Luce's failure to see Communism for what it is, the cow that birthed the calf of fascism, was somehow bound up with his gnostic hopefulness. Never soft on Hitler as he had been soft on Mussolini for "unwopping the Wops" (despite his complete lack of race prejudice, he was wryly amused by the phrase used by *Time*'s foreign editor Laird Shields Goldsborough for what, in the Twenties, seemed to have been Mussolini's achievement), he was so contemptuous of Communist economic theory that he utterly slighted the perverted evangelical appeal of Marxism. He could say on one day that "Com-

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munism is cancer" (meaning that once it had got hold of a country the disease would prove irreversible). But on another day he could write, as he did in December 1965, that "Communism becomes every day more irrelevant to the future of the world, both because of its economic incompetence and its absurd philosophy. . . ." He told me once that he had felt in his bones that if the West failed to topple Hitler it would have been "finis" for Christian civilization. This was prelude to the further statement that he didn't feel the same way about the Communists; although Russia, with the atom, was a danger, it could be wangled.

So the backing and filling about Communism was always reflected in Harry Luce's editorial treatment of the cold war. Luce kept two sets of editors at work on the problems raised by our forced alliance with Joe Stalin during and after World War II. One set, headed by Willi Schlamm, his close adviser on foreign affairs for the war and the immediate postwar period, and by Whittaker Chambers on *Time* Magazine, dealt with Communism as an implacable menace. In the counter-camp, Teddy White, *Time*'s Chungking correspondent, and John Osborne, in the *Time* home office, were quite confident that there might be eternal cooperation between an increasingly social democratic West and the Communists of both Russia and China. There was consternation at the time of Yalta in several Time Inc. cubicles when Whittaker Chambers got his famous "Ghosts on the Roof" fable into "the book" at *Time*. The fable, which told about the landing of Czar Nicholas Romanov on the Yalta roofs with the announcement that he had become a Marxist because the Bolsheviks were achieving Imperial Russia's immemorial aims in foreign policy, caused a lot of laughter, but it didn't seem at all funny to the fellow travelers. The fight between the two forces for space in *Time* veered this way and that, and Luce let it rip. The tension sometimes produced exciting journalism, but it did little to promote any sound long-term assessment of Marxism in the *Time* high command. It was pretty clear that Harry Luce liked to keep such anti-Communists as Whittaker Chambers, Calvin Fixx, Bob Cantwell, Willi Schlamm, Charlie Murphy, John Davenport and, yes, young Henry Grunwald on tap, but he wasn't letting them get on top.

Luce quarreled with Teddy White, but not irremediably; he let the "foreign" and "international" departments of *Time* contradict each other in bewildering ways. Willi Schlamm tried to warn Luce that supporting the UN at San Francisco would lead to unforeseen woes, but was told that no journal that wished to keep its influence could afford to go against a "world organization" no matter how futile it promised to be. As an ironic commentary on this whole period, Roy Alexander, *Time*'s Managing Editor, laughingly noted a switchover on the part of John Osborne in the late Forties. "John," he said at lunch one day to an Osborne who had come to admire James Forrestal, "you sound just like Whit Chambers."

Zigging and Zagging

By this time Harry Luce was sounding less and less like Whit Chambers. Luce protected Whit up to a point, but he was not taking the cold war as a fighting matter. I was close to Whit and Willi Schlamm and Charlie Murphy, and they spoke freely to me of their struggles with Harry Luce's hesitancies. Assigned to do a close-up of the devil for *Life*, to which he also contributed his marvelous articles on the history of civilization, Whit Chambers remarked one day that "sometimes I find the devil is Harry Luce." Whit meant it only facetiously, for he had both reverence and gratitude for his employer. He did not, however, ever mistake Harry for a hard anti-Communist.

For his own part, Charlie Murphy never did get over Luce's concurrence in *Life*'s decision to kill the four-part series on Chiang Kai-shek which he, as a favored Luce writer, had done as part of a Far Eastern assignment in the immediate postwar period. Chiang was then, even as now, the bête noire of all Western "liberals," and, after the failure of the Marshall mission to China to bring the Kuomintang and the Communists together, he was being beaten from pillar to post in his effort to hold the mainland against the Soviet-armed troops of Mao Tse-tung. John Billings, the Time Inc. editorial supervisor, had passed the word down from Luce's advisory board that it was "time to get off the hook of Chiang." Though Harry never turned on Chiang personally, he decided at this point to take one of his tactical backward steps. The Murphy articles never appeared.

Later, when I was doing the editorials for *Life* under Luce's intermittent supervision, I had occasion to know how Charlie Murphy felt. On a Tuesday I was told to write an editorial about George Marshall's blindness in the China situation. I did what I considered a telling job. But on Thursday Luce had qualms. On Friday he came through with a tactical change: I was to "recast" the editorial, giving most of the space to praise for what Marshall had done to put Europe on its feet. Then, in a final paragraph, I was to lament that Marshall had failed to do for China what he had done for Europe. Luce's reason for the change was sincere—he wanted to persuade Marshall, not get his back up—and I couldn't quarrel with him. After all, the *Life* editorial page belonged to him. But the tactical switches were, to say the least, somewhat disconcerting.

Tactics, in time, gave way to something else: a feeling that the cold war had not really been too serious. In 1966 Luce was to write that "the cold war, we now hope, is thawing—may even be an outmoded expression." And, in a "pre-Czechoslovakia" jaunt through Eastern Europe with some U.S. businessmen in the same year, Harry Luce surmised that Communism was dying in the captive nations as an ideology and that "bridge-building" might be the way to wean the satellites back to the West. Whether, after the Soviet tanks had moved into Prague to kill the hopes for a new Czech "springtime," Luce would have allowed *Time* to proclaim Willy Brandt as the 1970 Man of the Year for his *Ostpolitik* policy of seeking accommodation with Moscow is a nice question. But the basis for such a choice can be found in Harry Luce's own temporizing on the subject of the cold war.

One can easily forgive Harry Luce his tactical zigs and zags, his blowing hot and cold on the issue of getting along with Communists, simply because he was so much better both as a human being and an editor than practically any other big publisher in America. The opportunity he gave me to study the American business system close up as a *Fortune* writer saved me from going into middle age as just another New York liberal, and I will remain forever grateful to him for putting me on a personal Road to Damascus. After he wrote his "American Century" editorial

(Continues on page 550)

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A LARGER LOOK AT . . .

Professor van den Haag took one look and couldn't believe that a Justice of the Supreme Court could be so wrong. So he looked again, and sighed, and fired away. Mr. Douglas may never be the same again

Justice Douglas' Book

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

It occurs to me that it is worthwhile to spend more space than is available in a book review to examine the extraordinary book, Points of Rebellion, *by William O. Douglas, Justice of the Supreme Court, in the light of the continuing controversy.*

E. v. d. H.

HAD IT NOT BEEN WRITTEN by an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, this book would not be reviewed: obviously calculated to pander to prurient political interest, it seems utterly without redeeming social value, although it does not violate current community standards, such as they are. However, the author's status makes the book news, just as a bishop's coming out for burlesque would be news: being a bishop is not, nor is favoring burlesque, but being a bishop favoring burlesque is.

Points of Rebellion might be described as an apt, if unintended, caricature of the sentiments and ideas found in the student underground press —although, to be fair, mistakes of fact and grammar[1] seem more frequent in the caricature, and its intellectual sloppiness challenges credulity.

Shorn of contradictions and fuzziness, *Points of Rebellion* asserts that things in the United States are so bad that, unless they are immediately reformed, a violent revolution is impending—and justified. Although he writes as though merely warning, Justice Douglas also makes it quite clear that he does not really think "the Establishment . . . the new George III" will do what is required to avoid revolution, "the redress honored in tradition."

Apart from being wrong, the argument at times seems circular: a) things are bad, which is why b) the young are rebelling; but also a) the young are rebelling, which shows that b) things must be bad. In neither of the two propositions does b) follow from a); taken together the propositions are circular.

Justice Douglas does not indicate why revolution would "redress"—i.e., improve—matters. Recent experience indicates that the opposite happens quite often. Things always can be worse. Would his revolutionaries—the blacks, the poor and the young—make things better for themselves or for anyone else? Would they make our economic system more efficient? Less polluting? What plans do they offer, apart from populist and Marxist slogans? One could go on indefinitely, asking the obvious questions which Justice Douglas neglects to ask and which he certainly does not attempt to answer, although he constantly reiterates that things ought to be better. Nobody quarrels with objections to pollution, bureaucracy, poverty and racism; but is it enough just to be against these things? Unless followed by argument is it more than a cheap gesture? If the voters have not remedied the evils described in *Points of Rebellion*, could it be that they have not found reasonable alternatives? Or do they prefer present evils to alternative ones? If he disagrees with the majority on this, is Justice Douglas prepared to support a revolutionary minority regime to defeat the will of the majority? What leads him to believe that it will do better? Occasionally the Justice seems to insinuate that the majority would agree with him if it only knew what he knows. This has been the reasoning of all dictators. In a democratic regime, the government does not do what people ought to want it to do—according to someone who knows best, perhaps because he is a student or judge—but what people actually vote for. And, however wrong they may be, people just might vote against "the horned owl" and for the "cattle barons."

No Answers

Justice Douglas accuses the "powers that be" of "faintly" echoing Adolf Hitler. Actually, in his reasoning, though not in his intentions, he sounds the echo. He quotes Hitler to the effect that "We need law and order," that "the republic is in danger," that "universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting," and that "Russia is threatening us." The quote is phony.[2] Justice Douglas probably picked it up in good faith but cannot be exonerated

1. E.g., "A person may be convicted of [sic: for] publishing a book if the highest Court, in time, decides that the book has no 'socially redeeming value.'" Justice Douglas neglects to add that "socially redeeming value" is a reason for *not* convicting the publisher of a publication which otherwise would be deemed obscene, i.e., the standard enlarges freedom, while Douglas implies the opposite. Indeed, he says, "In these and many other respects we have fostered a climate of conformity." Yet our standards in this respect are now far more permissive than at any time in this century.

About grammar consider: "This shabby business was illustrated by the pursuit [sic: persecution] of John Paton Davies . . ." (p. 19.) ". . . much [sic: many] of the data in present personnel files is [sic: are] highly subjective." (p. 21.) (Incidentally this is true, but unavoidable; wherein is it politically suspect, as suggested?) "The mass media . . . reflects [sic: reflect] . . ." (p. 42.) The syntax of the book has to be read to be believed. The author obviously holds English prose in contempt.

2. See John D. Lofton Jr., "About that Hitler Quote," *NR*, April 21, 1970. Also, Sept. 8, 1970, letter to the editor, "Nein."

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from culpable neglect. Had he known a little contemporary history he would have realized that Hitler described "Bolshevism," but not Russia as threatening (it was not then) and that he would never have deplored "the republic" being in danger (he despised it and its laws). Finally, in 1932, the supposed year of the utterance, the only students rioting in German universities were Nazis. (Incidentally, their activities [dissent?] might have indicated to Mr. Justice Douglas that revolution can make matters worse.)

Far from "functioning as the loyal opposition functions in England," today's "dissenters" are trying to coerce people into following their wishes. They, and not the Establishment, echo Hitler in this respect, and by no means "faintly." Yet, that youngsters do not always see, or respect, the line dividing dissent from illegal actions is understandable: generous passions run high and a judicious drawing of lines may come hard to those who in their inexperience feel so certain that they must be right that they tend to identify their good intentions with the ability to achieve what they intend. But if an elderly judge is unable or unwilling to make this distinction—the very basis of democracy—then indeed "the republic is in danger" to the extent to which his judgment prevails.

Justice Douglas also argues that things are not only bad but worse than they were at some unspecified time in the past—which is why revolution is impending. Unquestionably there are many justified grievances in our imperfect society. And in some respects, things are worse: in a complex and manifold society, progress (favorable change) is unlikely to be uniform: while some things are improving, others, sometimes for that very reason, get worse. Automobiles involve more traffic deaths, pollution and road-building; prosperity increases the need for garbage disposal. Laws to secure citizens their rights require bureaucracy and police (not to mention judges) among other disadvantages. Many more matters of this kind can be pointed out. But no over-all conclusion can be reached unless all developments, the total context, are considered; else one could justifiably conclude that because William O. Douglas is an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, our judicial system is terrible. Yet this does not follow: some mistakes are unavoidable in any system. Nor does his position justify the conclusion that the system is getting worse, any more than the present book justifies the conclusion that Justice Douglas' abilities have declined, as some of his detractors insist: there is not evidence that either the system was better in the past, or Justice Douglas' reasoning ability.

The Case

Points of Rebellion indicates that things are bad, and worse than before, in

1) our foreign relations (particularly the war, the defense budget, the power of the military);

2) economic matters-power concentration (particularly the Pentagon), income distribution (particularly the poor), housing, welfare;

3) racial matters (particularly Negroes);

4) Guatemala (Surprise: How did Guatemala get into his book?);

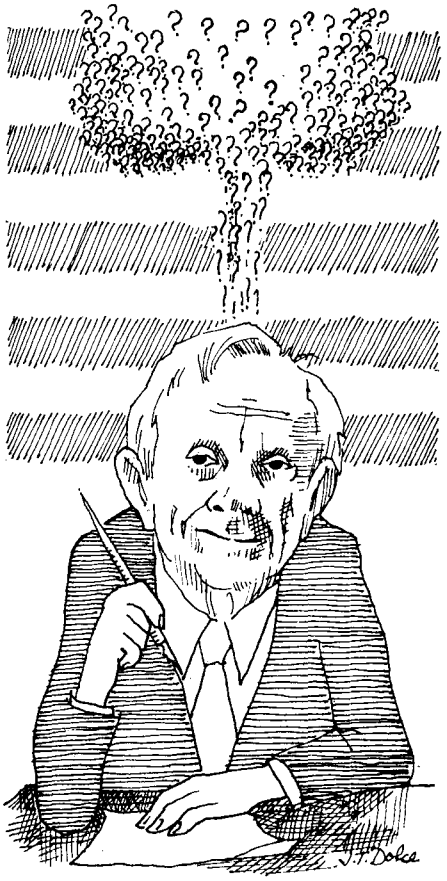
5) universities;

6) civil liberties;

7) environment;

8) an unclassifiable assortment of other matters.

Some objectionable American actions and policies can easily be found in all



of these areas. Nonetheless, Justice Douglas has managed to be indignant mostly about things that simply aren't so: the book is replete with factual errors which an easy phone call could have avoided and with inconsistencies that Justice Douglas could have avoided had he read his own book. Only a few can be listed here.

Foreign Relations: According to Justice Douglas, "NATO is supposed to defend freedom, yet Greece, a cruel dictatorship, is a member." German students point that out. Why does he not explain that we have found it necessary before to be allied to a much more cruel dictatorship (Stalin's) in defense of freedom? And why does he not admit that such alliances are unavoidable if freedom is to be defended? (Incidentally, Greece and Guatemala—no others—are mentioned as tyrannies. Are they the biggest and worst?)

"There was no national debate over a declaration of war" in regard to Vietnam. This is a disingenuous complaint. There was no declaration of war. There has been debate both about whether one is, or was, needed and about whether the war is, or was, needed. No war has been more (nationally) debated. Have people ever been freer in wartime to oppose the war being fought? From Senator Fulbright to the *New York Times* to the Association of Assistant Janitors at Podunk U., there certainly has been a national debate. Justice Douglas is entitled to believe that we are misguided but not to say that opposition was repressed, that there is, or was, no debate.

Elsewhere the author states that "we sail off into the nuclear sunset under orders of those who think only in terms of death." What, if anything, can this mean? That our leaders want death? Or nuclear war? Or perhaps, just that they do not know how to avoid it? Does Justice Douglas know beyond asking: "Why cannot we work . . . search for a common ground binding all mankind together?" Or does he really wonder: "Should we prepare for war or for cooperative international programs designed to prevent war and to provide suitable substitutes for it?" International cooperation, "a suitable substitute" for war, is indeed what we need; but to say so is to indicate the problem, not the solution. Good will is not enough. War is not caused by bad will. Justice Douglas might give some thought to the Israeli-Arab situation, or

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the Pakistani-Indian one, or the Indian-Chinese one. He writes as though war had just been invented and would disappear if we got rid of the Pentagon.

Occasionally Justice Douglas just knows what the causes of war are: "War has become to American civilians 'an exciting adventure, a competitive game, and an escape from the dull routine of peace time.'" That must be why they resist the draft! Where did Justice Douglas meet these "civilians"? (He must have odd friends.)

There also is an economic explanation. ". . . preparedness and the armament race inevitably led to war." ". . . private industry—unless aided by wars—will not be able to meet the employment needs." Hence: "Without Vietnam we would have 15 per cent or more unemployment. Must we fight wars to have full employment?"

The idea that the Vietnam war is needed to keep full employment is "vulgar marxism"—i.e., a para-Marxist slogan not taken seriously by people who have actually studied Marx. Simple logic would dismiss it immediately: if money spent on war goods serves to employ people, that same money could as well be spent on the production of other goods—e.g., housing or schooling —which employs people as well. If that money comes out of people's taxes, tax reduction would leave them with more money—i.e., more purchases—which again would lead to employment, and so forth. (This is true unless the taxes are paid only by the rich who might not increase their purchases. But Justice Douglas would not assert that.) Justice Douglas points out repeatedly that the $30 billion or so now spent on the war would be extremely useful if we could spend them on other things. But if we could, why would we need the war to increase employment?

Race and the Economy: "Two out of three Negro families have earned less than $4,000 a year as opposed to 27 per cent of the whites." Actually, one-third, not two-thirds, of all Negro families earn less than $4,000. Justice Douglas might have mentioned that between 1959 and 1967 the median income of white families rose 46.6 per cent, that of Negroes 76.2 per cent. Justice Douglas continues, "Only one out of five Negro families made $6,000 or more. . . ." Actually, about half of the Negro families do. It would be pointless to go on. Justice Douglas does not give the source of his data. The correct data are available from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, as he must know. How can a Justice of the Supreme Court justify printing flagrantly misleading statistics, which he could easily have checked?

There are cryptic statements: "For the poor the interest rates have been known to rise to 1,000 per cent per year." No indication of what is meant. An average interest rate on mortgages? Consumer loans? Are we dealing with illegal usury? Does is occur with significant frequency? (If not, why mention it?)

Justice Douglas has thirteen million families (including Negroes) making less than $3,000 a year which "is likely to ignite [sic] people to violent protest." Actually 5.3 million families made less than $3,400 in 1967, 11 per cent of all families (*versus* 50 per cent in the 1920s and 20 per cent even in 1962).

A GI is quoted, with approval, to the effect that we are now governed by "a chosen few" (before, obviously, by an unchosen many) who govern us because of "either [sic] birth, family tradition, or social standing. . . ." This might be applied to Roosevelt and possibly to Kennedy—hardly, though to Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson or Nixon, or, to take another branch, to Douglas, Warren and the other brethren. Is this more than incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant hearsay, not admissible, under even the broadest rules of evidence, anywhere outside the mind of this Associate Justice of the Supreme Court?

Guatemala: Let's skip Guatemala.

Universities: "Our colleges and universities reflect primarily the interest of the Establishment and the status quo." "Even their faculties are subordinate to the orthodoxy of the trustees. . . ." Has no one told Justice Douglas about the fact that most "rebellion" has occurred in the universities, that it has been fostered by both students and faculties, and that something like 80 per cent of the faculties in the liberal arts and social sciences are voting Democratic or further left?

"A drive is on now to spot potential student protesters before they are admitted to college." Justice Douglas does not tell who is undertaking the drive, whether any college has agreed to select its students accordingly, or whether, indeed, we have more than a figment of his imagination. ". . . the people of Harlem . . . joined the ominous confrontation at Columbia" That is just what they did not do, thereby disappointing the SDS. Should not a Supreme Court Justice be able to distinguish fact from fantasy?

Civil Liberties: Throughout the book Justice Douglas asserts that civil liberties have been restricted, that the poor are in a worse position in criminal courts, and that a hunt for dissent is on. "Indeed a black silence of fear possesses the nation. . . ." Fear is a subjective state. But how can Justice Douglas live in America, be *compos mentis*, and assert that "a black silence possesses the nation"? Is he deaf to the noise in the Senate? The newspapers? TV? The streets? This curious assertion does tempt one to concur with Justice Douglas' statement: "The older generation has in the main become mindless when it comes to criticism of the system."

The author complains that the "mass media—essentially the voice of the Establishment—much of the time reflects [sic] the mood of the Pentagon. . . ." Certainly here Vice President Agnew is considerably more accurate: the mass media are antiestablishmentarian. They have not been reading the appropriate populist Marxist literature.

Guilty!

In conclusion, there are many just grievances in our society; and Justice Douglas, having cast his net wide, has caught some and invented more. He says nothing new about them; he offers no accurate diagnosis nor proposes any remotely practicable remedy. The just grievances listed are so mixed with clichés, misapprehended "facts," cryptic ruminations, and an altogether indescribable muddle that, if anything could discredit a good cause, such as conservation or fighting silly personality tests, Justice Douglas' book would.

It is unlikely that the movement in Congress to impeach Justice Douglas will succeed. It certainly would, if shoddy thinking, incompetent reasoning, careless misrepresentation of fact and mindless clichés were grounds for impeachment. They are not. They suffice, however, for a verdict in the court of public opinion: guilty of contumacious abandonment of reasonable standards of accuracy and intellectual honesty. He who holds such standards in contempt will be held in contempt by those who honor them. □

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

KATZENJAMMER

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Katzenjammer — a German expression known in America mainly through the comic strip "The Katzenjammer Kids"— means, literally translated, "cats' distress" and stands for "hangover," "the morning after." This mood is felt today in Bonn, following recent efforts to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union on the final liquidation of World War II. What it might lead to, however, is the end of West Germany's presence in West Berlin.

A careful study of the projected treaties with the USSR and Poland as well as the current negotiations with Czechoslovakia evokes the question: What is the Brandt government (composed of West Germany's second and third largest parties) really after? Has the coalition government, which is running into considerable economic difficulties, engaged in these negotiations in order to have some genuine successes in foreign politics to point to? The man in the street could occasionally be made to believe that a new relationship between East and West was in the offing, that peace was, at long last, in sight and that the remaining shadows of World War II were about to disappear forever. But a careful analysis of the last local elections shows that, by and large, the electorate is anything but convinced and that the opposition (the combined CDU-CSU, Germany's largest party)—vide the elections in Schleswig-Holstein a few weeks ago—is moving up. In a national election it might today gain an absolute majority.

The difficulties in the way of ratification of the already signed treaties are manifold. Several members of the Free Democratic Party (the smaller party in Brandt's coalition) have already seceded and a small group of Brandt's own Social Democrats have expressed their defiance. The question is being asked more and more: What tangible advantages will the German Federal Republic derive from these treaties?

By accepting the hitherto provisional boundaries in the East, the Germans will gain nothing but the repatriation of some "ethnic Germans" from Poland plus Soviet and Polish "good will," whatever that's worth.

Naturally bitterness is mounting in Germany, both on the extreme right and in moderate circles. The word treason is used more and more frequently, and a new fanaticism was manifest in the attempt to assassinate President Gustav Heinemann. Meanwhile there are talks going on between the Western powers and the USSR on the status of West Berlin as well as the "inner-German" dialogue between Messrs. Michael Kohl and Egon Bahr in Bonn. And finally a "German Democratic Republic" which seems to be charting a course at odds with the USSR. (Actually the interplay between the USSR and East Germany is very carefully timed and functions very smoothly.) The squeeze on Berlin continues and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko has warned Bonn in no uncertain terms of the dire consequences for Berlin if the West German-Soviet treaty, signed in Moscow last spring, is not ratified. It is possible, though by no means certain, that this most undiplomatic warning, this sinister threat, is calculated to frighten the CDU-CSU into voting for the treaty.

But it is doubtful that the Christian Democrats will let themselves be intimidated. They can point out that Brandt had no real mandate from the people to sign away one-third of Germany. Brandt and his Foreign Minister, Walter Scheel, must have gone to Moscow suspecting that they were offering goods they could never deliver. If the Bundestag does not ratify the Soviet and Polish treaties and the Russians turn on Germany, says the opposition, it will be Brandt's responsibility. The Christian Democrats suspect that the Soviets have offered the Social Democrats very concrete material and psychological support in the next federal elections, perhaps a sudden if temporary concession to prove that coexistence has paid off. Some observers believe that the Soviets are no longer genuinely interested in a rapprochement with Bonn, unless yet greater concessions can be obtained.

Last but not least is the never dormant suspicion that Brandt might secretly be working for "a new Rapallo" or that he might inadvertently open up the Federal Republic to a real Soviet infiltration. The inroads of neo-leftist thinking in Western Germany are remarkable; today the intellectual climate is far more favorable to the USSR than to the United States, among "progressive" Catholic and Lutheran circles, university students, literary circles and publishing companies, television and periodicals. Yet this evolution is not characteristic of the masses; it takes place in the more affluent, socially elevated circles where snobbery and superficiality are evident.

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT in Brandt's increasingly erratic foreign policy is the Prague negotiations. The Czechs want the unconditional abrogation of the Munich Agreement of 1938, a procedure by no means as simple as it seems, because the treaty was signed by four powers—Germany, Italy, Britain and France—and imposed on the Czechs under pressure. If the Munich Treaty is declared null and void, the "Sudeten Germans," who fought with the German armies and now live in Germany, could be considered traitors. If they visited their homeland, they could be arrested, jailed and shot. Even new reparations might be demanded.

All in all, the coming months may bring some surprises, among them an internal German crisis resulting from non-ratification of the East-West treaties and the failure to settle the Berlin issue. *Katzenjammer* indeed seems in the offing. □

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REPORT ON PAKISTAN

Why the East Chose Revolution

JOE W. MILNER

PAKISTAN, a mistake from the start, is a lesson in history that two different people who don't live together, don't look alike, don't live alike and don't even speak the same language are bound to go separate ways.

As early as 1962 there was talk that India should trade Kashmir to West Pakistan for East Pakistan.

About the only thing that has kept the two wings of the country, separated by one thousand miles of India, together for the past dozen years has been their dislike for India more than their dislike for each other.

This extreme dislike of India began with partition in 1947 when the two wings were carved out of India by the British to create a religious state for the Muslims. The traffic back and forth by destitute refugees, the fighting and deaths that occurred in the days following actually make today's headline news of Pakistan's revolution seem like child's play.

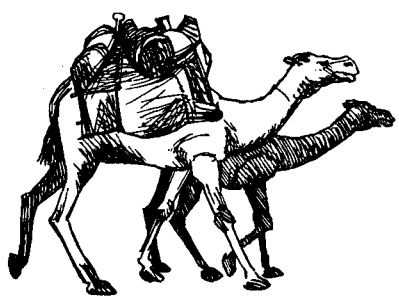
For a clearer description of the problem that existed following partition, imagine that the United States Government should declare that Mississippi and California become a country for the American Negro. Think of the chaos that would result as most non-blacks packed their belongings to move out of these two states while most blacks from the rest of the country rushed in to pick up choice real estate (or just any piece of real estate).

Imagine, too, the bitterness if Negroes were forced to leave New York or Chicago to move to Mississippi while other Negroes in Denver and Albuquerque were told to head for California. As they trudged to their strange new home in Mississippi, they'd meet non-blacks along the way who had been forced to leave their homes in Mississippi for a new life elsewhere. This was the situation that existed in India and Pakistan after partition. It has been called by historians "the greatest interchange of population in history."

Remember, too, that this interchange was chaotic as twelve million people set out on foot during that summer of 1947 to seek a new homeland. Religious wars broke out. Refugee trains were stopped and all of the passengers massacred. At river banks where many waited for boat passage, fanatics ran wild slashing their sharpened knives, killing so many that in places the Ganges ran red with blood. In all, more than a half-million persons were murdered.

Most of the traffic was on foot because there was little motorized transport in the entire area. (Dacca, East Pakistan's largest city with a population of over 600,000, had only four thousand automobiles in 1963.) Roads outside the so-called metropolitan areas were few and rough and narrow and frequently impassible, particularly in rain-soaked East Pakistan.

Many Hindus chose not to move and remained in the provincial capital city



of Dacca. Some of these Hindus succeeded as merchants in the Muslim state and others stayed on as potters. There was great demand for their kiln-dried brick. The soil of East Pakistan is void of aggregate, so bricks must be manufactured, which are then broken up to provide the necessary rock to make concrete.

The Hindus and Muslims of East Pakistan and the adjacent Indian state of Bengal could have lived together in quasi-peacefulness had not West Pakistan's Muslim leaders engaged in occasional gunplay centering around the Indian state of Kashmir. Many Muslims had chosen to remain in Kashmir, one of the world's most picturesque health resorts, rather than move to arid West Pakistan. A Pakistani would be killed in the skirmish; whether killed by armed Indian soldiers or from the bullet of a Pakistani weapon was not always determined. But the blame was placed on India and the Pakistani Muslims, East and West, would then unite in their hostility to the Hindus.

Feuds between Pakistan and India have existed since 1949 when both brought charges before the United Nations, accusing each other of violence and aggression. In 1962 there was the Sino-Indian war in the Himalayas. In 1964 charges and countercharges led to a Muslim-Hindu war in East Pakistan. More than four thousand persons were estimated killed in Dacca alone. During one night of this hostile period, I stood on the flat adobe roof of my second-floor flat and watched several Hindus fall victim to the Pakistani army rifles at a Hindu-operated pottery no more than two blocks away.

This type of fighting has continued sporadically since partition. These Muslim-Hindu and Pakistan-India conflicts have always brought the two wings of Pakistan together in a common cause. Through most of the conflicts, India still considered East Pakistan as a friendly neutral. And after each uprising, East and West Pakistan still remained in uneasy tandem, the West continuing to be the more prosperous of the two.

IN THE WEST, the land varies from snow-capped mountains to some of the most arid regions in the world where people don't see rain for years at a time. The people are tall and light and 85 per cent of them are illiterate and under the control of *zamindars* or landlords. Many depend upon burros and camels for transportation. They speak Urdu.

East Pakistan, except for a small area in the south near Chittagong, is a flat, water-logged land about one-sixth the size of West Pakistan and containing about twice as many people. In some areas the rainfall is almost two hundred inches a year. From May to September, the monsoon season, the steady downpour floods much of the flat terrain. The small, dark people crowd into the available land area at the rate of 1,200 per square mile. They exist on bony fish, skinny chick-

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ens, rice and bananas. They cultivate by hand or with water buffalo and they speak Bengali.

Few of East Pakistan's 55 million people have ever traveled to West Pakistan and few West Pakistanis have visited the East.

Members of the National Assembly, of course, do commute by Pakistan International Airways' 707s or Super Constellations to the capital at Islamabad in West Pakistan and to Dacca where East and West representatives meet as a lawmaking body to conduct official business in English, the official language. However, procedings soon get heated. The West Pakistanis speak loudly in Urdu and the East Pakistanis counter in Bengali. All are shouting at once. Finally, one faction walks out and any image of a law-making body disappears.

Newspapers of both wings cover these activities in big, page-one headlines. The people pick up the chant.

No matter what the outcome of the current revolution, East and West Pakistan will continue to drift apart. Pakistanis are by nature argumentative. They are not a compromising people. They are strong in their beliefs and would like to impose their postulates upon others. Several young men who planned to be missionaries have written that they wanted to be missionaries to carry the Prophet's message to the rest of the world. If the powers of reason and persuasion should fail to convince the kafirs (disbelievers), they would not hesitate to use the sword. In their minds, the Prophet is right and people must either believe in him or be forced to believe in him.

This dedication underlies many of Pakistan's internal and external problems. There is little room for reason, and discussion is impossible, primarily because students have never been permitted to discuss things in the classroom. In any given "discussion," both sides argue so loudly that neither hears the other. Here is how a dispute is handled in Pakistan. It was in the news when I was there.

The hospital doctors who are paid by the government demanded better salaries, better working conditions and better equipment. At that time their salaries were equal to about $100 (575-600 Rs) per month; they used inferior equipment; and they had no representative on the state board which does all purchasing for the hospital. In fact, they were not even called upon to serve in an advisory capacity. As a result the board changed many of their requests and frequently bought supplies they couldn't use. The doctors set a date by which some of these demands must be met. None was. They struck. The government reacted by closing the medical college. Students at Dacca University then struck in sympathy with medical college students. The public didn't even know what the demands were because the demands listed in the government handout were not the same demands the doctors had made. The two sides couldn't mediate because they couldn't even agree on what the demands were.

It's just part of their makeup. For either side to give in a little would be to lose face. Rarely will a Pakistani say, "I don't know."

But there is one thing that literate East Pakistanis do know as a group. They know that there must be a better life. They know there's something better than living in a village hut, built of bamboo shoots and thatched with grass. From American and British newspapers and magazines they know there must be a better life when they see a man washing himself and his small mule in a slimy water tank while just a few feet away his wife is washing clothes and cooking utensils in the same green slime. They know there must be a better life when they watch a four-year-old girl going about her daily chore of picking up fresh cow manure with her tiny little hands and shaping this fresh manure into patties to dry for fuel—or to be used for wall plaster for the one-room, dirt floor house where she lives with as many brothers and sisters as years her parents have been married. From newspaper advertisements they see modern plumbing fixtures and know there must be a better life when they see their own people squatting three feet off the sidewalk to defecate in an open sewer. University students know there must be a better life when their former classmates leave to study in the United Kingdom or the United States and don't want to return to East Pakistan to live where population is growing faster than the economy.

Yes, they know there is a better life, but they fear that as long as East Pakistan is governed from Islamabad, they'll never see it. □

Cinderella at the Ping-Pong Ball

There are those, no doubt, who choose to deny the existence
of a lovely, red, china slipper
Which fits only the foot of darling, little Cinderripper.
But Prince Peiping Tom
Wouldn't take no for an answer. He got his mom
To get his father, Emperor Mousey Tongue,
To throw a big, nuclear blast for all the yongue
Cats in the dynasty. It was a gala thing.
The Pied Piper of Hamstring
Brought his Catch 22 peace Flat-foot Band,
And
The opium waltz of the evening was that loverly tune from
My Fair Dragon Lady, "The Reign in Peking Is Reignier."
Meanwhile, back at the chiropodist, Cindy was having her big
feet bound by the best theoretician from Rumania.
Suddenly Cindy's Fairy No-God Mother, shows up in the kitchen chowin'
line,
With a brand new recipe for pea ceoup. So everything's fine.
Just one slurp and little Notenoughvotes is transformed into the
chirping Bong of the Pall.
And that's not all. . . .
You say you *know* the rest of the story? And choose not to follow?
My timeless tale is just an idiot-game, a mere celluloid flick-o-the-
wrist at something lightweight, colorless, trivial, and . . .
hollow?

JOHANNES EFF

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C. H. SIMONDS

THE OLD SOCKEROO

FOR NOW If I ever get over this cold, I'm going to devote my life to a scholarly study of the clinchers, the nail-it-right-on-down sockeroos that left-wing commentators use to finish their columns. Wicker, Hamill, Van Horne, all of them have discovered a great truth: You can file eight hundred words of the utterest twilp, just so long as you wind up with a Good Line.

Pete Hamill, for instance, filled his spot in the *New York Post* the other day with a rambling, paranoid account of the searching of his luggage by some surly U.S. Customs officers—in all of which, needless to say, he detected that old Stench of Fascism. Free at last, he decides to run up to Yankee Stadium to see Felipe Alou while there's still time, because: "It's getting dark around here." End of column, whammy!

On a more upbeat note, Garry Wills concludes a recent column: "The country is growing up." Why? Because Frank Sinatra has retired, that's why. And one suspects that he stepped down not an instant too soon—had he not, Mr. Wills might have had to take time from more pressing matters to depose him. "There shall be no more Frank Sinatra"—not so much in the manner of the ardent young Communists of the Twenties who argued the question whether Beethoven should be allowed after the Revolution, as in that of Robert Benchley's imaginary international body that decreed one day, "there shall be no more Budapest."

What has Frank Sinatra done to annoy Mr. Wills? Wait—we mustn't be superficial about this. Mr. Wills is never superficial; he never reacts to what people "do" or don't "do," but to what they "are." (Once on introducing myself to a Bennington girl I was told: "I don't want to know *who* you are, I want to know *what* you are.") Sinatra "is," for one thing, not much of a singer: "He had a hoarse, reedy voice, and was tonally insecure. His diction was pinched, and his bag of tricks small. . . . Sinatra half-*talked* his songs, like Fred Astaire and others of such limited vocal power and range." (Like, oh, Lenya, Chevalier, Simone, Piaf . . .)

I don't want to get into a brouhaha over what makes a singer great; I suspect Mr. Wills agrees with me that whatever it is, it isn't mere mellifluousness or perfect pitch. Or does he hide away a cache of Pat Boone records the way Justice Holmes secreted his collection of randy French novels? Myself, I hold no big brief for Sinatra; never bought any of his records; if he came on the radio or the jukebox I listened, finding him agreeable enough. To indulge in heavy analysis of popular music is bootless and fundamentally silly; you like something or you don't, you take it or you leave it alone. Unless, that is, you feel you must do a good, thorough hatchet job.

MR. WILLS IS THOROUGH: "If you cannot *sing* a song, at least you can *mean* it. [All these italics are his; in such quantities, they give a desperate look to the page.] Sinatra's performance was a recitation. Praise of him often stressed his 'sincerity,' the fact that he made the sappy lyrics convincing. He *was* the last little boy in wartime who made 'bobby-soxers' swoon. And later he *was* the Camelot alley-cat, tough in a way we excused . . ." Confusing. Does Mr. Wills think Sinatra was sincere, or insincere, or sincerely insincere, or what? Never mind; forge on: "Of course, *being* the maimed creature of our shallow romantic ballads is a cruel fate." Now we're getting down to what Sinatra "is," and wherein he has offended.

". . . he symbolized an adolescent world, and inhabited it. A 'male' world, but the kind imagined by a boy not yet a man. . . . He lived in a man's world, but the kind that runs in packs, parading its interest in booze and broads—the mutually hoped-for maleness of the half-grown-up. . . . They were little boys playing at war. Sinatra began as the naïve sailor [suddenly we're talking about his movies, not his music—odd] who is 'wised up' by his comrades. Then, for Korea-vintage movies, he became the tough veteran who knows his men as they know him. Then he was Ocean or Adam or Robin or whatever, collecting his old 'buddies' from 'the service' to pull off a 'caper.' All the lost 'men' of America who fake a 'machismo' without goal, little Calleys running with the pack. . . ."

Let's see. Sinatra is Calley—no, that can't be right; Mr. Wills must have put Calley in there just to make his column current. Sinatra is adolescent—well, so are most men (or "men"), sometimes. Booze and broads—yes, that's an old-fashioned concern, compared with the concern of, say, the little pack of draft-resisters Mr. Wills found in Canada and celebrated recently in a lachrymose *Playboy* article that portrays them in hot pursuit of dope and broads. And reminiscing over the buildings they blew up back home—capers different, to be sure, from holding up casinos and ocean liners.

Our prophet of the New Machismo goes on: "The Beatles have had their rise and fall, as have Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. But there are others who will be remembered by today's 'kids'—Simon and Garfunkel, Joan Baez, Phil Ochs, Crosby-Stills-and-Nash. They sing about a wide range of human things and stretch that range." Hogwash. Every one of them—the "others," not JJ, Hendrix and the Beatles that were—is as maudlin and syrupy in his own way as ever Sinatra—or for that matter, Rudy Vallee—was. And old-style, Sinatra-style romanticism/sentimentalism is coming back; never mind *Love Story*, just consult your nearest jukebox. Only by Mr. Wills and a few other reactionaries will they be "remembered, years from now, as pointing kids out from adolescence toward maturity."

And all because they didn't endorse Ronald Reagan. How's *that* for a clincher? □

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NIKA HAZELTON

HAPPINESS IS BOURBONLAND

HAPPINESS is an eight-story, slab-sided storehouse nestling on the side of a wooded hill where twenty thousand barrels of bourbon age peacefully to mellow maturity. Security is several of these storehouses, so that an aficionado need not fear for his bourbon future.

These pleasing emotions unfolded themselves to Priscilla Buckley and me on a spring morning in Clermont, Kentucky, where the forsythia was in full bloom and the little birds sang out their hearts in praise of their Maker. Clermont is one of the two places in Kentucky (Beam is the other) where the Beam family make one of America's largest selling bourbons.

The Beams have made bourbon in Kentucky for over 176 years, from the time when Jacob Beam, a distiller, moved over from Maryland and Virginia because here he could find the fine grain, the soft, clear limestone spring water and the dry hill-country air that are the basics of bourbon. Since then, six generations have kept the faith. They stuck to the Founder's formula and distilling methods, to the slow fermentation and to the natural-air hilltop aging that make this bourbon a true nectar for men and women of action and dreams, rooted in their country and willing to fight at the slightest slur on what they love. Today, the head of the firm is T. Jeremiah Beam, a gentleman who makes you understand immediately the reputation Kentucky men have for charm and courtliness. Aside from making superlative bourbon, Mr. Beam, to judge from the plaques and citations in his office, is one of the foremost civic benefactors and patriots of his region.

Bourbon is more than a marvelous drink, it is the only contribution to the great spirits of the world made by America. It is also a state of mind; as the papermaker Ebenezer Hiram Stedman wrote of it long ago: "In the Early days of Kentucky, one Small drink would Stimulate the whole Sistom. . . . It Brot out Kind feelings of the Heart, Made men sociable and in them days Evry Boddy invited Evry Boddy That Came to their house to partake of this hosesome Beverage."

The origin of bourbon is a heart-warming story, one that demonstrates the ingenuity of our forefathers. In the days of the early settlers, the frontier farmers of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky found it difficult to get their surplus corn to market, roads being few and bad, dampness and mildew threatening the grain and so on. Distilling the crop (each barrel required eleven bushels of grain) was the solution—whiskey being easier and far more profitable to ship as well as more valuable than the unstable currency of the times. John James Audubon, the naturalist, who once was a Kentucky merchant, sold his capital of three hundred barrels of sound whiskey, worth 25 cents a gallon in Kentucky, for no less than $2 a gallon in Missouri.

THE FIRST PRODUCTS of Kentucky distillation were in all likelihood straight "corn" whiskey. Soon, the distillers found out that their spirit would be improved by the addition of other grains. Varying amounts of corn would add interesting flavor touches. After the grain was ground and cooked, it would be mixed with barley malt—barley that has been allowed to sprout, which mysteriously converts the grain starches to fermentable sugar. The distillers also discovered that the higher the corn content, the lighter the body of the whiskey and that the higher the amount of rye, the better the body and the aging qualities. Whatever the proportions, they are the jealously guarded secrets of the bourbon makers to this day. Apart from good corn, pure water and the distiller's art are needed to make good bourbon. The sparkling clear, iron-free, cold limestone waters of Kentucky have been credited with not only the excellence of this bourbon, but also with the beauty of the state's women, the speed of its horses and the eloquence of its politicians.

Making bourbon consists of four basic steps. First the mash, the ground grains (corn, barley malt and rye), is measured according to the distiller's own private formula and placed with water into stainless steel tanks. Here the mash is heated and cooled in a cycle that converts the starch of the grain into sugar. Then the cooked mash is poured into huge wooden vats. It would ferment by itself since yeast germs are always in the air, but to speed up and control the process and insure the correct yeasts, the distiller adds yeast from his own culture.

The yeast culture is one of the most closely guarded secrets in a distillery. At the Beam plant, three mysterious-looking refrigerated metal containers hold the sacred cultures, three in case one or two should prove unsuitable. The heart of the matter, the formula for the yeast, reposes in the mind of a Beam, a very dignified family member, the actual distilling master, who until recently did not think his grown-up sons mature enough to learn what the formula consists of, so they say. The sacred yeasts—and indeed the character of a bourbon depends on them—are usualy tended for generations, often with a great deal of trouble, especially during Prohibition, because you can't hit upon a good formula without endless experimenting. One family-owned distillery transferred its precious yeast cultures to the basement of the family home, where they were constantly recultured during the dry years; another shipped them to Canada until repeal.

The yeasts feed upon the sugar in the mash, making alcohol, and you can see them do it. Priscilla and I stood in awe before the enormous vats, where a golden yellow surface was heaving and rippling and bubbling away, looking like seething inner passion revealed.

(Continues on page 550)

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RUSSELL KIRK

WHO SHOULD PAY FOR HIGHER EDUCATION?

FROM THE ACADEMY

Colleges and universities, both private and public, often approach bankruptcy today. More private institutions may collapse altogether; and while state institutions doubtless will limp along somehow, most of them soon may find it very difficult to extract from legislatures enough money to meet even a "minimum" budget. We have been trying to confer the higher learning upon far too many young people, and the cost per capita has become inordinate.

Ordinarily, in such a society as ours, commodities are paid for by those who obtain them. It is otherwise in the higher education: Tuition fees, even at famous private universities which charge their students thousands of dollars, meet only a small part of the total cost of maintaining universities.

In justice, shouldn't the students pay most, or even all, of their own cost of instruction? Would it not be well for institutions of higher learning to set their fees at the full cost of instruction?

The first closely reasoned argument for such a plan, so far as my reading goes, was Dr. Ernest van den Haag's little book *Education as an Industry*—now unhappily out of print. Several other writers, economists mostly, have taken up the subject in more recent years. (*NR*, April 20, carried an article, "Give Power to the Students," by F. Reid Buckley with one proposed solution.) This possibility was raised again at a conference on the reform of colleges held by the Liberty Fund, in Indianapolis, a few weeks ago.

At this conference, Dr. Henry Manne, of the University of Rochester, presented an interesting paper entitled "The Political Economy of Modern Universities." Briefly put, this is Professor Manne's argument: Universities should be organized as corporations for profit; they should establish fees for students which would meet the full cost of operation—and, hopefully, even produce some profit; the stockholders, at least initially, should be the professors—our boards of trustees being incompetent and virtually powerless nowadays; such institutions no longer should enjoy tax exemptions, and no tax deductions or tax credits should be allowed for gifts to university and college; from such a reorganization many benefits would flow.

What benefits? First, the fiscal difficulty would be solved by the increase of fees—and institutions unable to attract paying students would fade away, not surviving the test of the market. Second, the professors would find it necessary to assume genuine responsibility, become businesslike, improve their teaching, reduce unnecessary costs, and respond to the demand of the consumer—that is, to the students. Third, the students would grow more serious, and presumably be reduced in numbers (a consummation devoutly to be wished for), once compelled to pay for their own benefits. Fourth, university and college would be freed from governmental controls, their tax privileges having been abolished. And there are fringe benefits of various sorts, too.

How would students find the money to pay for such increased costs of instruction? Why, through the elaborate modern apparatus of banking and insurance. Either the individual student, or the college through an organized program of loans, would contract with banks for an advance of the money needed for fees; and once graduated, these young people would pay off their loans in installments, perhaps spread over their years or decades of highest income.

Although in general sympathetic to such a sweeping plan of reorganization, some of us at the Liberty Fund saw difficulties. Here are two questions raised by your servant.

First, not all activities carried on by genuine universities ever can be made profitable—or even barely to pay for themselves; yet some such activities are remarkably valuable, constituting an important part of the university's mission. Should such functions be supported by private benefactions (supposing that their present endowments are insufficient, and that new—and unendowed—special institutes and activities may arise, beneficially, at various universities)? If so, it would be ruinous to deny universities the privileges of tax-exempt gifts, or to tax fully their operations; for unless present rates of income tax, inheritance tax and gift tax are drastically decreased, only through the plum of tax exemption can universities and colleges attract substantial benefactions.

Here I think, for example, of the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago—at once a museum of antiquities, a center for advanced study in the cultures of the East, and a teaching institution that prepares serious students for advanced degrees. What the Oriental Institute offers is highly valuable—not profitable.

SECOND, what about students who have small expectations of ever growing affluent? Should they be burdened with a substantial debt, which they could repay only by much larger sacrifices and endeavors than the typical college graduate would have to make? Suppose that a graduate of a medical college, rather than entering upon a lucrative private practice, desires to become a medical missionary in Africa—will not he be much impeded by the necessity of repaying the full cost of his higher education?

To this, one may reply that scholarship funds, established by churches, charitable associations or alumni, might provide for students with whom getting and spending is not the main object; or that larger endowments for nonprofit disciplines (classical studies, for instance) might suffice. However such difficulties might be met, the general concept of tuition fees meeting full cost may obtain a hearing at last. □

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Plague of the Dreadful Children

Mao's Great Revolution
By Robert S. Elegant
World, 478 pp., $12.50

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

"Violinists and pianists, once honored as proof of the *Chinese* genius for Western arts, were humiliated and beaten. Sometimes their fingers were broken. . . . Men and women were thrust into the glowing ashes of their possessions. Others were tied to their door frames and beaten to death. In the Central China industrial complex of Wuhan, long queues of men and women marched under guard along the main streets by day and by night. . . . Only their guards returned. . . . Red Guard leaders referred to detailed orders, treasuring their written instructions like insanely methodical midget accountants. The power-crazed adolescents, most between fourteen and twenty, humiliated and harassed their elders. They destroyed and mocked; they burned and killed."

With meticulous detail Robert Elegant, foreign affairs columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, and that paper's Hong Kong bureau chief during the Great Proletarian Revolution, has recorded Mao Tse-tung's most recent attempt both to reassert his authority and also to ideologize China his particular way. For the general reader there is now no better way to gain some insight into China's convulsions between 1965-69 than this well-organized and readable volume.

Elegant's is a conventional view of the Cultural Revolution. Already by the middle of 1959 the experiment of the Great Leap Forward and the Great People's Communes had given rise to widening dissent in both military and party circles. During the next six years, as technocrats and party pragmatists struggled to rehabilitate the economy, "oblique attacks on Maoism were the mainstream of serious Chinese writing." The Cultural Revolution was Mao's answer to these attacks. As Elegant notes, given China's political culture, "whether under mandarins or commissars," it was, predictably, against the regime's critical literati and opinion-makers that the new Maoist counter-offensive, soon to expand into the adolescent nihilism and violent romanticism of the "little generals of disorders," i.e., the Red Guards, was in the first instance directed.

But with the attack successfully launched Maoist motives become unclear. Elegant is hazy as to why so many top commanders of the Chinese People's Liberation Army so readily let Lin Piao have his way, and earlier apparently so quietly acquiesced in the popular Defense Minister's Peng Teh-huai's replacement by Lin. It was the army, after all, which contained and in effect did most to end the Cultural Revolution at the close of 1968. Its senior commanders, moreover, had hardly been unaware of the dangers of ideological excess as early as 1959 and Peng's scathing description of the Great Leap Forward as "a high fever of unrealism."

There is no question that without Lin's control over most of the army the Cultural Revolution could never have succeeded—nor could it continue after the army became disenchanted with it. Elegant rightly stresses the pivotal role of Chiang Ching, Mao's wife, who, backed by Lin Piao, soon became the "sole aesthetic and propaganda arbiter" of both army and nation. Yet here again we remain in the dark why the army, in effect, allowed itself to be used as a stepping stone by an ambitious, pretentious and venomous third-rate actress of low repute, contemptuously dubbed "the Starlet."

Perhaps the chief merit of this volume is its attempt to convey something of the terror in China in the course of the Cultural Revolution. The reproduction of some excerpts of the three trials

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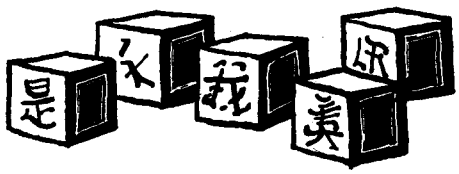
of Wang Kwang-mei, the wife of Liu Shao-chi, and, like her husband, a primary target of the Red Guards, serves this purpose admirably—on reading it one is irresistibly reminded of the self-righteous hysteria of Pop-Maoist campus guerrillas in the U.S. today. The revolution's aftermath too is effectively depicted, primarily in episodic and diary form in chapter 22, and well reveals the accelerating disintegration



of virtually all authority in a widening civil war between Maoists and their enemies. By October 1968, China seemed to have reverted again to the dismal pattern only too familiar in its history: a "loose association of semi-independent regions" governed by self-interested local rulers, i.e., warlordism.

Inevitably it was the army which became the chief beneficiary of the Cultural Revolution, even though (and perhaps even because) many of its senior commanders were purged. As the authoritative *China News Analysis*, in a new year's prognosis, put it on January 1, 1971: "To sum up we see the military imposing itself on every molecule of the national life." Party organization, meanwhile, remained largely shattered. The latest convulsion of Maoist purism thus only seems to have succeeded in reversing Mao's own dictum that "the party commands the gun and the gun must never be allowed to command the party."

Ultimately pervading the whole tragedy of the Cultural Revolution is the figure of Mao Tse-tung, and it is the relative failure to come to grips with Mao, especially as party strategist, that leaves a serious lacuna in Elegant's book. In these pages Mao is described as a "total idealist" with a colossal ego, seen (also by his enemies) as one given to "political romanticism" and "volatile extremism," whose goal "was Utopia," and who, being "incapable" of directing a modern industrial state, behaved "like a Taoist monk intoxicated by his own mysticism." The Maoist style, says Elegant, is a matter of "heart and spirit," not of reasoned planning. Elegant may not intend it, but his portrait of Mao thus is essentially that of an irrational militant, and, so considered, the Cultural Revolution becomes largely a projection of Mao's anarcho-romantic revolutionary fits.

I have no special insights into Mao's psyche but would like to suggest that there is more method in the madness. There is an alternative view drawn from the historical record which places both Mao and the Cultural Revolution in a longer and perhaps more accurate perspective. That view holds Mao, as party leader and revolutionary strategist, to be master of and fully and rationally committed to a relatively simple dialectic of political radicalization, expressed in the Leninist dictum: "Two steps forward, one step back."

Mao's leadership career tends to confirm this. During the war with Japan and the planning for a postwar China, Maoism speaks in the moderate tones of "On New Democracy" (1940) and "On Coalition Government" (1945), designed to win a broad popular base for his policies. Then, after 1950, the tightening consolidation of Communist power and the bloody, resistance-provoking, agrarian reform and collectivization, comes to be periodically eased during brief episodes, like the "Hundred Flowers" movement in 1957.

The latter runs again into the new dialectical spasms and policy rigidities of "The Great Leap Forward" and of "The General Line of the Party" (1958). In little more than a year begins yet another relaxation, however, as the economic failures of the Great Leap begin to become apparent. But by 1961 still another Maoist counter-offensive is under way—this time, significantly, in the international arena, as in the widening Sino-Soviet split Mao lays claim to virtually sole possession of Communist doctrinal purity. Domestically, Mao still has to contend against his pragmatist enemies. But by the end of 1965 the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution reasserts Maoist ideological supremacy with redoubled militancy. The failure of the Cultural Revolution finds us today again in a new climate of pragmatism and "reasonableness"—yet at the close of his book Elegant notes that "Maoism began to stir again in Peking in May 1970."

The dialectical rhythm of Maoism and its deliberate tactical system seems unmistakable, whatever the periodic, mystical-utopian flashes of its originator. One unique feature, perhaps, of this tactical rhythm is Mao's repeated readiness to risk domestic chaos, stemming not from an inherently irrational personality of "volatile extremism," but from a calculation of the cost of the drive toward an ideal Communist society in which the cultural continuity and cohesiveness of China—as its history repeatedly shows—militate against complete disintegration. Elegant himself hints at this view when on one occasion he speaks, in passing, of the Cultural Revolution as "the next spasmodic attempt" to create a unified and communized China.

The point is worth stressing in the present climate of prominent new fancies about doing business with a more moderate and "reasonable" China that has emerged from the Cultural Revolution and waits for Mao to trundle to his grave. The Cultural Revolution and its shocktroops of adolescent terrorists was, however, but one of many dialectical swings of Maoism—and the latter, like Stalinism in the Soviet Union, can hardly to be said to have run its course. □

Surviving the 70's
By Benjamin DeMott
Dutton, 153 pp., $5.95

ELBERT HUBBARD AT AMHERST

RONALD BERMAN

This book is so pious it shouldn't be read on weekdays. It's all here: Minorities, Women's Lib, the Kids—and on center stage, looking Sincere, the hero as Professor.

About half the book concerns Amherst last spring: the letter to President Nixon, the students on the barricades, the spiritual awakening (*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*) of the faculty. Full of the passions of orthodoxy. As someone once said, it's as good as *Marmion*. Well, who will praise it? The sentimental Left, arrogant with guilt. The middle-class, middle-aged Left, wondering about its moment of truth. The academic Left, anxious for evidence it's still alive. And all the others who see us as racist, imperialist, capitalist, enemies of the dream. I liked the academic novel better, it had funnier characters and better lines. But, one form succeeds another and political biography now spares us the implications of style.

First to consider is the stage business.

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The Cambodian crisis began at Amherst (as it did in many places, I suspect) with a certain satisfaction. It was pleasing to have the worst suspicions of the tyranny of government confirmed. It was even better to rid ourselves finally of the ambiguities of thought and find confirmation in movement, appetite and mass. There was a new sense of community among the factions that ordinarily infest a university. There were the moral powers of Virtue, the end of boredom, the final spectacle of the academy speaking *ex cathedra* to those who merely had the franchise. One sent letters to the government.

The first or heroic stage was delightful, but it soon passed. There were authentic leaders who suffered the pain of discovering political facts. Good for an inspiring if uninformed lecture on foreign policy they were yet unable to sustain the pace, to organize, one after another, the hurried little meetings of the good cause; to maintain the heartbeat of their indignation; to keep protest sharp, decent and rational. They failed in all this, went from Achilles to Hamlet in a week. They could tell the President of the United States all the errors of his Administration, but couldn't separate dirty words and Women's Lib from the public crisis. The miscellaneous hatreds that poured out of the campus were impossible to rationalize.

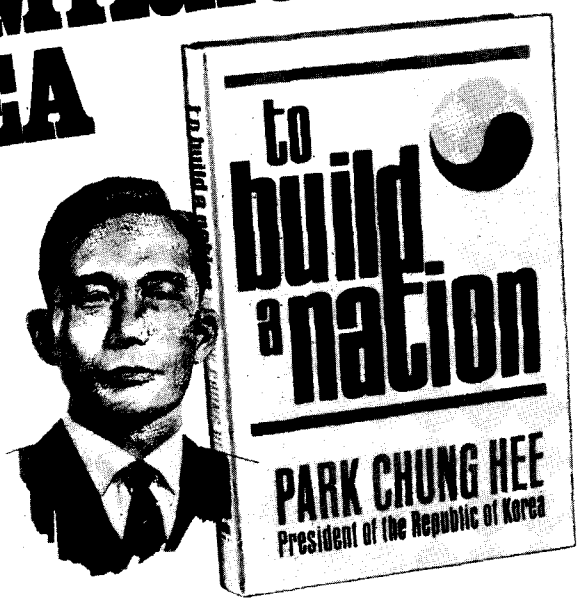
The best of the book concerns the author's response to these complexities. When most people knew that it was right either to burn the buildings down or march on the Capitol, DeMott went through some saving ambiguities. He resented oratory and detected the posturings of his closest friends. He wondered whether it did any good to create a class that would terrorize all others with its virtue. He took the step of de-

taching himself from mass and motion, and wondering on the intricacies that make moral judgments a mess. He is good, if not brilliant, on the motives and programs that began with apocalypse and ended in habitual reflexes. He is bad, I think, on the meaning this holds for the future.

After the stage business, the soliloquy. Is it right to sign a statement urging moderation of conduct on campus? No,

Blueprint for reconstruction in Vietnam? . . . hope for reunification in Asian nations?

READ ABOUT THE MIRACLE OF KOREA



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for that offends the spirit of change and undermines its authority. Is scholarship more or less important than the correct kind of politics? Less, for nothing has a higher value than "life" as construed by the liberal mind. After a good deal of intelligent debate DeMott gathers his feelings into a long commencement address with which the book ends. It is something of an embarrassment for a neutral observer. DeMott is satisfied that the old kind of university life is incomplete. He argues, with no sense of having sold out his profession or his intellectual habits, that the "real" world has to be part of academic life. But this translates itself into the domination of the relevant; the business of the campus shall henceforth be the conduct of foreign policy and domestic morals.

HIS CONCEPTION of that business and of the real world is implied by the following, a cross of Mike Gold's language and Eleanor Roosevelt's mind: "I want to say we need an unmanned father, a spat-upon black child, with us in this room, in the chair beside us." Applause. Images of lynchings superimposed. The audience longs to see us all—unyoung, unpoor, unblack—get it in the neck once more. Amherst holds its breath, sustains its hatreds, finds some visionary conservative to draw and quarter in its collective unconscious. What a blow for academic freedom. What a public stand against infamy. What a bore. □

FICTION

The Bell Jar
By Sylvia Plath
Harper, 296 pp., $6.95

Queenie
By Hortense Calisher
Arbor House, 282 pp., $6.95

On Being Told that Her Second Husband Has Taken His First Lover
By Tess Slesinger
Quadrangle, 396 pp., $6.95

NOVELS IN BRAILLE

GUY DAVENPORT

Women write novels in a kind of Braille. Marvelously sensitive to inflection and nuance, archly wise about the hypocrisies of the heart, and easily capable of deflating any pretense in sight, they are all thumbs when it comes to the dissonances and harmonies required of a good plot.

SYLVIA PLATH, who committed suicide at thirty (having failed on a previous occasion), has a reputation as a poet. *The Bell Jar* came out a year before her death under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas, and is now republished nine years later under her own name, presumably because it is thought that her fame as a poet will disguise some of the novel's weaknesses. These weaknesses are all sins of the amateur: thinness of plot, plagiarisms from one's autobiography, and the lack of skill to expose exactly what one is talking about. The novel gets going well, constructs some readable episodes in which girls who have led sheltered lives collide with whisky, sex and ambition in Manhattan, and then plunges into an account of a nervous breakdown. There is little or nothing to explain the nervous breakdown, and the effect is something like reading, say, *Don Quixote*, and, once past the initial action, finding the old fellow in bed with a liver complaint which occupies the rest of the book. Lots about bedpans and hardy broths, but no more adventures.

Miss Plath was a writer of great promise, some of which she fulfilled in her poetry, but in this one novel the promise is still a false dawn, scarcely worth recommending except to readers of her anguished poetry who will want to read everything that she wrote.

HORTENSE CALISHER, another immensely gifted writer (*Extreme Magic*, *The New Yorkers*), has apparently taken the current *Valkyrieritt* of Women's Lib as license to be so quintessentially feminine that *Queenie* would seem to have been written with an eyebrow pencil on the back of bills from Nieman Marcus. I'm not confident that I've followed it, but it seems to be about a young lady raised in a whorehouse and destined to be a *hetaera*

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Prisoner of Sex*, that Mailer issue of *Harper's* which triggered all the resignations, now in hard cover from Little, Brown ($5.95). . . . Resigned *Harper's* editor Willie Morris revisits his home town of *Yazoo* in Mississippi (Harper, $5.95). . . . In *Man's World, Woman's Place*, Elizabeth Janeway worries that her sisters may prefer the old ways after all (Morrow, $8.95). . . . Another survey of how we went wrong is *Prudery and Passion: Sexuality in Victorian America* by Milton Rugoff (Putnam, $8.95). . . . J. J. Servan-Schreiber and Michael Albert collaborate on *The Radical Alternative* (Norton, $6.95). . . . In *Oceans, Poles and Airmen*, Richard Montague claims that Admiral Byrd never reached the North Pole (Random House, $6.95). Is there nothing left?

Jasper Ridley's *Lord Palmerston*, big in England, now out here (Dutton, $12.50). . . . Reg Murphy and Hal Gulliver despise *The Southern Strategy*, so it comes as no surprise that they're both with the *Atlanta Constitution-Journal* (Scribner, $5.95). . . . Catnip for New Left and kook Right in William Hoffman's *David*, which calls that Rockefeller brother the most powerful man in America; shades of old John D. (Lyle Stuart, $5.95).

■ PERIODICALS. Several big ones suffered sharp ad losses in 1970. Off over 15 per cent in ad pages: *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Business Week*. Losses of 10 to 15 per cent posted by *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, *New Yorker*. Smaller losses logged by *Saturday Review*, *Sports Illustrated*. *TV Guide* and *New York* showed gains. . . . *Catholic Press Directory* reports decline of 5 per cent in circulation of diocesan newspapers in 1970, on top of 10 per cent decline in 1969. Catholic magazine circulation off 10 per cent in 1970. Leftist *National Catholic Reporter* went from eighty thousand to sixty thousand in the past year.

■ JUNE BOOKS. James Michener's new novel, *The Drifters*, grapples with the generation gap (Random House, $10). . . . *NR* contributor Peter Witonski out with a four-volume anthology, *The Wisdom of Conservatism*, that runs from Plato and Aristotle to Reagan and Goldwater (Arlington House, $40, boxed). . . . *America, Inc.: Who Owns and Runs the U.S.* by Morton Mintz and Jerry S. Cohen has an introduction by Ralph Nader. So much for that (Dial, $10).

Praeger is hailing Michael Scammell's *Solzhenitsyn* as the first full-length study ($7.95). . . . Thor (*Kon Tiki*) Heyerdahl describes two sails from Africa to America on grass rafts in *The Ra Expedition*. Sixty pages of color (Doubleday, $10). . . . J. Bernard Hutton, former Czech official now living in England, studies *Hess: The Man and His Mission* (Macmillan, $6.95). . . . Ivan Illich may be an ex-priest, but that doesn't stop Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, from sponsoring his *De-Schooling Society* (Harper, $6).

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suitable for the leisure of a prime minister or a J. P. Morgan. At college (CCNY) she learns about revolution, hippiedom and the red clinched fist. These unwashed vulgarities bore her, and she ends up marrying her childhood sweetheart, who is now a professional airplane hijacker.

There is also something about Yugoslavia in the story, but it eluded me. To follow Miss Calisher's plot is to go mad. One reads her for her outrageously naughty and demimondish asides. The whole novel is one breathless whisper. Novel or not, it is entertaining, and the company of such a lively lady is thoroughly enjoyable. There remains the suspicion, though, peculiar to an audience with more women than La Calisher, that what she's talking about bears no resemblance to anything on this planet, or on Mars or Jupiter. No matter—for the rolled eye, the insinuation tucked in with a wink, the salacious detail that you may take as purely as Titian eyeing a dimple in a back or as bawdily as a Methodist deacon, Miss Calisher is a master.

THE ORIGINAL TITLE of *On Being Told that Her Second Husband Has Taken His First Lover* by Tess Slesinger (1905-1945) was *Time: The Present*. The present meant was the 1930s, a decade for which the Age of Protest has developed a sentimental nostalgia. The re-issuing of these stories, which are as Thirties as Valentino's Brilliantine, is timely, for it is instructive to know that Miss Calisher's nail-polish prose has an heroic predecessor. Tess Slesinger, like Miss Calisher and like her model (one suspects) Virginia Woolf, had a woman's insight into women, and thus recreated Mrs. Dalloway's world in the liberal circles of New York in the Thirties. Her stories tend to be plotless, graphing with a sure hand and surge of hysteria, the tension between fury and sophistication, or the voltage of annoyance as people drive each other mad.

MISS SLESINGER HAD BOTH WIT and intelligence, and a prose that could reflect both. And it is heartening to be reminded that the Age of Hemingway and Fitzgerald contained a writer who managed to approach the excellence and energy of those giants without the least trace of their obsessions. Nor has she aged as they have. Her stories have remained as vivid as when they were written. Welcome back, Tess Slesinger, from oblivion. □

The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford
By Arthur Mizener
World, 616 pp., $20

THE TRADITION OF INTELLIGENCE

HUGH KENNER

Ford Madox Ford's eight hundred page *March of Literature* was a new book when the librarian put it into my adolescent hands. I was its ideal reader, unequipped to denounce the quotations as much misprinted, the judgments as whimsical and the facts as freely improvised. Nothing interfered with Ford's infectious passion for "our beloved art . . . the product of all humanity from the beginning of time," or with his evocations:

—Of the poet reading at court: " . . . Virgil in the voice of Aeneas had really brought up her dead son thus to the eyes of his mourning mother. . . . And, of course, Aeneas burbles piously on: 'Ah, youth, deserving indeed of pity. Your death is fated but if by any means you can elude your destiny what a Marcellus you will turn out to be. Bring me lilies in handfuls. Permit me to strew the blooming flowers . . .' And at that point Octavia fainted. . . . What a curtain it gave him!"

—Of genius ambulant: "Dante's contemporaries considered him to possess all knowledge and women shivered when they saw his bronze face in the street, for was he not reputed every night to visit Hell? We might add, parenthetically, that the women of Rye shivered when they met the late Mr. Henry James in the narrow streets of that town, because they considered that he had all knowledge, that he could look you through the backbone and that he went on journeys with the foul fiends."

—Of Shakespeare at work: " . . . an image was an actual thing, as real as the east wind, and part of a frame of mind. He got up of a bright morning and seeing an absurd row of chimney-pots leaning back or askew, posturing vaingloriously against a cerulean sky—not, you observe, seeming to do it, but doing it. Since it was Shakespeare's mind that was taking them in—seeing, then, that absurd row posturing, irresistible hilarity had filled him. He had imagined Falstaff and his soldiers and knew the feel of spring. And sensation did not abandon him when in a dark inner room he took up his distasteful pen."

What correctives to high-school orthodoxy! And what an array of names never heard in high school! For example, in conjunction with Chinese poetry, a queer name, Ezra Pound. . . .

And it was by the bearer of that queer name, at a window alcove in a Washington madhouse, that I next heard the name of Ford mentioned, after nine years—a long time when it falls between sixteen and twenty-five. I had been "educated" in the meantime, without hearing of him again. Pound knew about education and was not surprised. And what, I asked on another visit, ought to be preserved, of Ford's 81 books? I expected a list, and received instead the deliberate phrase, "the tradition of his intelligence."

That tradition has had much to fight against. Ford's ability to imagine that he was Shakespeare, or Virgil, or a spectator of old ladies shivering at the transit of Henry James, was so persistent a habit that he was apt to recollect anything at all: as that he had played cricket at an English public school (he never attended one), or that he "had known war as a colonel in charge of two regiments in action" (he was a second lieutenant, in a war of waiting, until shell-shocked). Even when he told the truth—as about writing for the ailing Conrad a whole installment of *Nostromo*—he was disbelieved (though the holograph exists).

AND DISGRACE attended his notorious *affaires du coeur*: with Violet Hunt, for example, an incredible syphilitic lady who once tried to seduce Henry James and was fifty when Ford was thirty-nine. Ford's family broke up in consequence, and decades later his younger daughter, a nun, made to a scholar the very Christian answer that her father had been dead to her since 1924. "I do not know why you have come. I have nothing to say to you." Why she chose 1924 is unclear. The Hunt affair had terminated a decade earlier, and the

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year of Ford's physical death was 1939.

And he had rows with old friends, with publishers, with absolutely anyone who might have done his reputation a bit of good. In his last poverty-stricken years "the tradition of his intelligence" aroused sneers, and his fine novels (*The Good Soldier*, the Tietjens tetralogy, the *Fifth Queen* trilogy) were forgotten.

He thought we were better off the less we knew about men of letters ("How much has not the poetry of Shelley suffered because of unnumbered volumes of chatter about Harriet") and his will forebade help to biographers. So two biographical books (by Douglas Goldring, 1949, and Frank MacShane, 1965) were thinned out by an inaccessibility of sources, and by a prohibition against the use of anything unpublished.

But ignorance gets filled with idle speculation, or by indifference, and Ford's executor has sensibly relented. So, by contrast to biographers with nothing private to draw on, Arthur Mizener has had almost too much: bales, it would seem, of papers, Violet Hunt's and Janice Biala's and Stella Bowen's and Elsie Martindale Ford's, enough to force on his book a preoccupation with women. And what with memoirs, and interviews, and those 81 books, and even manuscripts of additional books, unpublished, a man would be a lifetime sorting his impressions of it all.

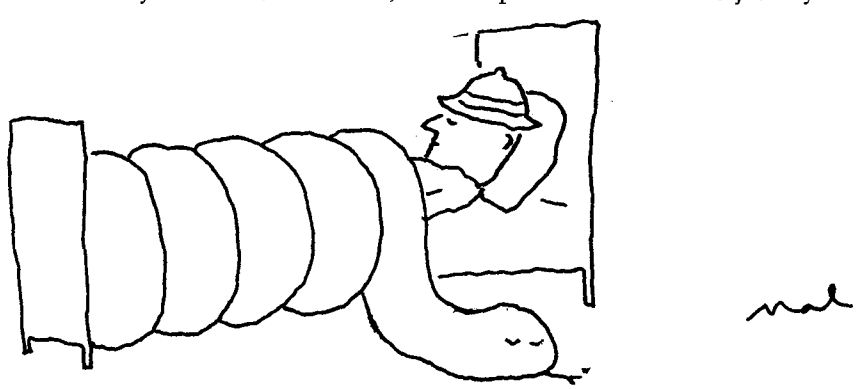
Mr. Mizener took six years, long enough to shake the documentation down till the surface of his book is reasonably smooth. Even so, the discussions of twenty of the novels had to be shifted to an appendix, and many thousand words of lesser anecdotage to the notes.

He had an unenviable job. The main story has been told and retold, and much of the new material, long prudently suppressed, tends to document the benign Ford's less amiable side, the side that picked silly quarrels with publishers, or that alienated friends and never knew why. And the 81 books, "the one commitment of his life that nothing—disaster, illness, despair—was allowed to interfere with . . . the meaning of his life, and its most valuable product"—the books are little known and mostly unobtainable. Thus in showing, as no one has been able to do before, how Ford wrested *The Good Soldier* from his own life, Mr. Mizener must cope with the likelihood that his reader doesn't know *The Good Soldier*.

A schematizing man would have botched it, or an acerbic man. Mr. Mizener is neither, and a believable Ford emerges, set in an Edwardian milieu far closer to hysteria than we may have supposed. If "the tradition of his intelligence" is less clear than it might be, we can anyhow understand how it got obscured: why the author of *The Good Soldier* spent so much time on contrivances like *Henry for Hugh*, what need was filled by his incurable romancing, by what alliance of neurasthenic forces he offended so many who might have passed on the tradition and passed on instead their bitter recollections of a poseur.

For all his life was what Mr. Mizener calls it in adopting the title Ford had meant to give *The Good Soldier*: it was the saddest story. The key to much of it, enough to help satisfy Pound that his own obsessions of later years were on target, was money, perpetual shortage of money. For there was never money for very long, and when there was he couldn't keep track of it, and he had to produce, and overproduce; and in the attendant haggling and exhaustion he would suppose that such a one had betrayed him, or suppose that some new woman, just met—some Violet, Stella, Janice—could bring the peace he craved. And in the ensuing tangles, discountenanced, disgraced, he would romance to sustain a conception of himself he could live with. He was victim to the fact that literature had become a commodity.

Pope had foreseen in *The Dunciad* what that would do to literature: it bred up thousands of facile journeymen with iron nerves and flexible consciences, to compete with whom a man like Conrad had to force out late in life books he hadn't the heart for but only the skill. Pope didn't dwell on what it would do to the occasional Ford: the hypersensitive, indeed the *voyant*, with every gift except a reliable income. Yet it is such magicians of language who help validate the race that can see no way they can be fed unless they scratch, scratch.



So that marvelous intelligence, that editing the *English Review* (until funds ran out) could screen and zone three generations, Hardy's, his own, the young Pound's, and that could teach a generation "the limpidity of natural speech, driven toward the just word, not slopping down . . . into the more ordinary Wordsworthian word"—that intelligence expended itself in talk, in too few good books, and in written details, longer or shorter bits, such as the incomparable evocations.

One more of these: Ford in full fig, compleat with morning coat and clouded cane, not recognizing Joseph Conrad one day on Pall Mall. Listen:

". . . an old, shrunken, wizened man, in an unbrushed bowler, an ancient burst-seamed overcoat, one wrist wrapped in flannel, the other hand helping him to lean on a hazel walking stick, cut from a hedge and prepared at home. It had in one tortured eye a round piece of dirty window-glass. It said, '*Ford* . . .' 'How dare . . .' The writer said to himself, 'this atrocious old usurer. . . .' For naturally, no one but a money-lender would have dared . . . in such a get-up.

"But, within three minutes, as he stood and talked, the bowler hat was jetty black, the overcoat just came from Poole's, the beard torpedo-shaped, black, and defiant, the confident accents dusky and caressing; the monocle sparkled like cut crystal, the eyes glowed. And, almost more wonderfully, Pall Mall became alive as we went towards the Bodega; it became alive as towns of the true belief awaken in the presence of the Prince of True Believers, come to saunter through his slave market. . . . That, too, was Romance. . . ."

It, too, was Romance; very possibly it never happened. But even had it happened no one else could have written it so. And its theme is the myth dearest to Ford's aching heart, a transformation into some wonderful role in a story sad no longer: such a myth as he played at every day of his later life. □

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The Degradation of the Academic Dogma
By Robert Nisbet
Basic Books, 252 pp., $6.95

HOW THEY KILLED THE MIDDLE AGES AT BERKELEY

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Western institutions—ecclesiastical, governmental and educational—have evidenced their unique dynamism, balance, humanism and capacity for ordered change in great part because of the medieval components which entered so largely into their structure. It is not wide of the mark to claim that we are human and civilized only to the extent that we consciously and unconsciously draw on that medieval heritage. The process of permanent revolution from the sixteenth century to our own day has, however, steadily eroded those institutions and ideas upon which our culture depends for its vitality and civility. It is one of the ironies of our times that today's totalitarians have no more damning pejorative than the epithet "feudal." The Reformation, the French Revolution and all the subtle rationalizations made by radical intellectuals for their powerful and monied patrons have dissolved, first the certainties of dogma and doctrine, then the fixities of aristocracy and status, then the rule of law and federalism and now they are turned against the university, that last, late survival of the Middle Ages.

As Gibbon said of Rome, we should not wonder that they are on the point of destruction, but rather that they have resisted the spiritual and cultural arsonists so long. Rousseau applauded the burning of the library at Alexandria; it should not surprise us that Rousseau's disciples put the torch and the bomb to the Berkeleys, the Harvards, the Yales and the Wisconsins. Rome fell for a thousand years but still it fell, and the Middle Ages were an equally long time dying but dead they are and their obsequies are pronounced by the Kingman Brewsters, the Clark Kerrs and the Robben Flemings.

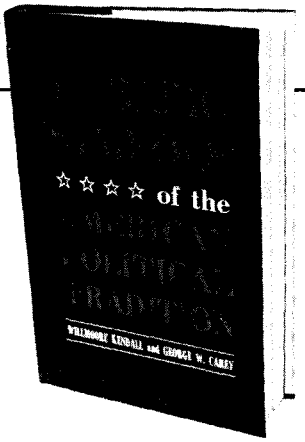
Robert Nisbet in *The Degradation of the Academic Dogma,* has produced a history of the destruction of the university which ranks in terms of sociological analysis and insight with the best pages Tocqueville wrote. It is history, critique and proposals for reform all in one and while its prognosis is pessimistic, Nisbet hopes and outlines the steps necessary for any genuine *renevatio.*

Nisbet argues that the Berkeley revolution, which has now become worldwide, was not the work of a day but has been long in preparation. Its historic roots reach back to the Reformation, but its more immediate cause has been the abandonment of the "academic dogma." That dogma held that knowledge itself was good and a sufficient end. The purpose of study is not power or wealth or piety or the conquest and manipulation of the environment but a "disinterested desire to obtain knowledge of nature, society and man." Nisbet goes on to argue that until World War II, and in spite of lapses and defections, the universities were centers for the disinterested pursuit of knowledge. They were institutions where the professor of Chaucer was held in esteem equal to that shown the professor of organic chemistry.

Corruption entered the university in the form of "the higher capitalism"; that flood of grants and contract research which dissolved with its corrosive new money both academic ideals and the academic polity, divorcing power from authority and teaching from research. The new men of power in the university were those masters of the practical "project," the successful architects of the grandiose grant, the engineers of the "center," the "institute" entrepreneurs.

AND SINCE THE UNIVERSITY went whoring after false gods it should not surprise us that the society at large and the students in particular repaid the university with the contempt which is a part of the whore's wage. Consequently it is false to assert that students made the revolution. It was prepared long before Mario Savio and Mark Rudd appeared on the scene, by prosperous professors who knew that knowledge was power and wealth, and like other contemporary clerics thought that a silly adherence to clerical vows and ancient usages was the mark of a reactionary mind.

Nor was new money the only revolutionary factor. Quite as important as money, Nisbet asserts, was the "cult of individuality." From the earnest curricular reforms of Robert Hutchins, whose educational whimsies nearly destroyed one proud university, to the experi-



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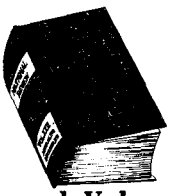

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mental extravagances of Che Guevara State College, the deadly taint of therapy, consciousness-expansion, integration and all the other catchwords of pseudo-education runs. They deflect university education from the disciplined exploration of reality to a subjectivistic trip into the teen-age interior. An Oberlin professor put it clearly recently when he said: "At Oberlin we are no longer concerned with conventional subject matter: The purpose of education at Oberlin is to provide a living experience."

Money, subjective individuality, guilt and the deluge of humanitarianism all prepared the university for the day when in response to the increasing politicization of the Fifties and the Sixties it would falter and then begin the process of a hasty and graceless disintegration.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? Nisbet is specific. The university, if it is to survive, must commit itself to the academic dogma that disinterested knowledge is the object of university study. To accomplish this the faculty must renounce their love affair with historistic progressive impulses. The authority of the university must be restored through a revitalization of administrative power and through the choice of administrative officers who are educational statesmen and not simply technicians of adjustment. The role of research in the university must be reduced. Research must be returned to its proper role as an adjunct to teaching. Teaching itself must be rewarded as the central commitment in the life of the faculty. Community service, political power and research entrepreneurship should, in any reasonable academic world, be viewed as hindrances to promotion. Finally, the university must be depoliticized.

It seems unlikely that Nisbet's program of reform, in whole or in part, will be carried out. Should that be the case, the university will simply disappear. Not a single one of its functions is unique to the university and every one of them can be better performed elsewhere. Some university administrators labor under the delusion that the university is indispensable to contemporary society and that its service to society gives it a license to arrogance and self-aggrandizement. History, however, is littered with the ruins and wreckage of indispensable institutions. They are only a little less common than failed experiments and defeated candidates. □

FICTION

The Death and Life of Harry Goth
By D. Keith Mano
Knopf, 320 pp., $6.95

QUEENS GOTHIC

JEFFREY HART

Not long ago I alerted *NR* readers to the superb third novel of the young writer D. Keith Mano, *War Is Heaven* —a novel dealing in the most concrete way with counterinsurgency, but also God-haunted, humming with metaphysical overtones. We now have Mano's fourth book in four years, and though the fact seems improbable, a priori, Mano has now surpassed himself. *The Death and Life of Harry Goth* is at once one of the funniest and most moving things I have ever read.

The central figure, Harry Goth, surrounded by the Goth clan in Queens—his brothers and sisters, his father and his grandmother—turns out to be the improbable discoverer of truth and meaning. The brothers are a kind of microcosm of humanity: Frankie, the criminal, just out of the pen; Bill, the worldy womanizer; Philip, the unworldly, a monk in upstate New York; Eustace, the insane, an idiot in semiconfinement. Harry himself is a typical loser, stuck in his Bayside rut, married hopelessly to a female auto-racer.

Unexpectedly, he learns that he has leukemia, has, in fact, six months to live. The central paradox of the novel is generated by his reaction to this knowledge. Jolted out of his rut by the knowledge that he is to die, Harry actually begins to live. Life means more to him; he feels freer, especially from his Gothic relatives. Even his hand, as he gazes at it, seems beautiful to him—in the light of the knowledge that it is soon to rot. The knowledge that he must die precipitates him into a series of comic adventures that are at once amazing and moving: His psyche, in touch with reality for the first time, goes on a rampage. But death and comedy are deeply related, both involved with a certain distancing of the world. Worldliness is always grim; it is active, acquisitive, desiring; the comic vision is both more loving and more detached. At once condemned and freed, Harry has a moment of vision, a brush with the eternal. At this point Mano's picaresque comedy pursues its own logic and becomes divine comedy.

Surrounding this deep intention is one of the most impressive displays of comic energy in the modern novel. Though this book is more full of death than anything since the last scene of *Hamlet*, it is also incredibly funny. There are, for example, three great celebrations of death, three funerals at Luigi's Fabulous Funeral Palace in Jackson Heights, an establishment run by Mafiosi. Each funeral is a more hilarious party than the last—the cynical-true point being that death is a release for the living as well as the dead.

The third funeral sequence is the best party of all. The idiot Eustace's death is especially spectacular. Eustace, whom Harry has come to love, breaks out and runs down into a kiosk and into the subway; jumping onto the tracks he runs head-on into an approaching IRT train. Luigi's obligingly provides a flat, virtually two-dimensional coffin.

Mano's point is deeply serious. To turn aside from the awareness of death, as most of the Goth clan have done, is to turn aside also from life, to cut oneself off from brotherhood and from humanity, and to condemn oneself to triviality. Harry Goth begins to live,

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only when he knows that he is going to die. No one who reads this novel can doubt that Keith Mano is the best American novelist writing at the present time. □

MEN & IDEAS

THREE BRITISH CHRISTIANS

SHELDON M. SMITH

Those who became Christians shortly after World War II often discovered that the next stop after the baptismal font was the bookstore. There, if the salesperson was wise and knew what was in the "religion" section, they encountered the works of C. S. Lewis, Dorothy Sayers and Charles Williams. And whole new worlds came into being for them. And what worlds they were, in which archangels conversed with men, and the forces of a genuine good battled those of a real evil, and the ways of God became somewhat understandable and the ways of men somewhat less repugnant.

They were a remarkable trio. Individually, and as a group, they were among the most effective apologists in the history of English-speaking Christendom. (Even twenty years ago it was possible to talk about English-speaking Christendom, and mean something by it.) Collectively, they belonged to a group called "The Inklings," nominally a literary study group but also an effective "cell" for the propagation of the Christian Faith (J. R. R. Tolkien, Gervase Matthew and Owen Barfield were other "Inklings"; Miss Sayers was more or less on the fringe). Though all three were members of the Church of England, none was an exponent of denominationalism: that they left for others. With the exception of Lewis, they have, at best, a small readership today.

Charles Williams' works are still in print, and are read by a steady group of admirers. They should be better known. (I, for one, still cannot read the conclusion of *Descent into Hell* without feeling a cold chill, any more than I can read the last chapter of *War in Heaven* without hearing the morning stars singing for joy.) While Williams wrote formal theological essays, he will probably be best encountered in his novels, two of which came out last year in rather inexpensive paperbacks. I have the feeling that they did rather poorly.

Today's "occult" book market is geared to the sex-Satan-sadism approach. That market would not understand Williams, and one feels that Williams would not mind being misunderstood by that market. Dorothy Sayers wrote of Williams listening to his barber raving about his girl: "When my girl's about," said the barber, "I'm that happy I don't feel as if I had an enemy in the world—I'd forgive anybody." Williams jumped from the barber chair, grasped the man's hand and said, "My dear man, that's exactly what Dante said." His writings reflected his life: those of the past were his contemporaries. He lived on the same plane as Dante (and angels, archangels and all the company of heaven). There is simply no point in trying to read him unless you have a rather thorough belief in the supernatural. There is every point in reading him if you do.

Dorothy Sayers still has a following, largely for her Lord Peter Wimsey detective novels, and her translation of Dante. Her theological work is largely unknown, although *The Zeal of Thy House* and *The Man Born To Be King* are still performed with some regularity and, to a generation that thinks *Murder in the Cathedral* is the only religious play ever written, could be done with profit. Her theological essays are, however, crystal clear and written with a great deal of humor, as when she parodies modernist book reviews of the Gospels:

> The little anonymous collection of "Sayings" by "Q" is now, of course, out of print and unobtainable. This is the less regrettable in that the greater part of it has been embodied in Mr. J. Mark's brief obituary study and in the subsequent biographies of Mr. Matthews and Mr. Lucas (who, unhappily, was unable to complete his companion volume of the Acts of the Apostles).

Or when she completes her outline of the life of Christ:

> So that is the outline of the official story—the tale of the time when God was the underdog and got beaten, when He submitted to the conditions He had laid down and became a man like the men He had made, and the men He had made broke Him and killed Him. This is the dogma we find so dull—this terrifying drama of which God is the victim and hero. If this is dull, then what, in Heaven's name, is worthy to be called exciting?

(The above may, just, be formally

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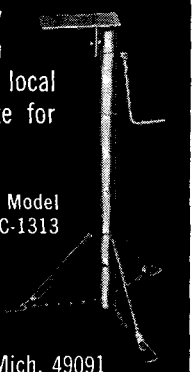

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The following are excerpts from a book entitled "Divine Providence," by Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772)

What is Divine

What is called Divine providence is the government of the Lord's Divine love and Divine wisdom.

"There are means and modes of the Divine providence. Its means are the things whereby man becomes a man and is perfected in respect to his understanding and will; its modes are the ways whereby these things are accomplished.

"The Divine providence looks to what is infinite and eternal from itself especially in saving the human race, because the Divine providence has as its end a heaven from the human race; and because this is its end it follows that the reformation and regeneration of man, thus his salvation, is what the Divine providence especially looks to, for from those who have been saved or regenerated, heaven exists.

"By means of these two faculties, called rationality and freedom, man is reformed and regenerated, for it is by means of rationality that he is able to understand and know what is evil and what is good, and thus what is false and what is true; and it is by means of freedom that he is able to will what he understands and knows.

"What rationality and freedom, which are peculiar to man, are, can be most clearly understood by a comparison of man with beasts. For beasts have no rationality or ability to understand, and no liberty or ability to will freely... but in place of understanding they have knowledge, and in place of will they have affection, both of which are natural.

"Every worshiper of himself and of nature confirms himself against the Divine providence when he sees in the world so many impious persons, and so many of their impieties, and at the same time the glorying of some in these impieties, and yet no punishment of such by God on this account. And he confirms himself against the Divine providence still further when he sees that plots, devices and frauds are successful even against the pious, just and sincere; and that injustice triumphs over justice in the courts and in business. Especially does he confirm himself in this when he sees the impious exalted to honors and to high offices in church and state, also abounding in wealth, and living in luxury and magnificence; while on the other hand he sees the worshipers of God despised and poor. He also confirms himself against Divine providence when he reflects that wars are permitted, and the consequent slaughter of so many men... also that victories are on the side of prudence, and sometimes not on the side of justice... besides other things like these; all of which are permissions of the Divine providence.

"...it is according to the Divine providence that everyone be allowed to act from freedom in accordance with reason; furthermore, without permissions man cannot be led from evil by the Lord, and thus be reformed and saved. For unless evils were permitted to break out man would not see them, and therefore would not acknowledge them. For this reason evils cannot be prevented by any providence; for if they were they would remain shut in, and like the diseases called cancer and gangrene would spread about and consume all that is vital in man.

The Lord's kingdom is a kingdom of uses; and where there are but few who perform uses for the sake of uses He causes the worshipers of self to be raised to the higher offices, in which each one is incited to do good by means of his own love.

"The impious or wicked can perform uses equally with the pious or good, and even with greater zeal, for they have regard to themselves in the uses, and to the honors as the uses; therefore to whatever height the love of self climbs the lust of performing uses for the sake of its own glory burns in it.

"That the laws of Divine providence are the causes of permissions is clear from its laws... Man should act from freedom in accordance with reason; Man should not be

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Providence?

compelled by external means to think and will, and thus to believe and love, the things of religion, but should guide himself and sometimes compel himself ... The Divine providence looks to eternal things, and to temporal things only so far as they make one with eternal things ... Also from this: The Divine providence is unceasing, both with the evil and with the good ... God is said to permit, which does not mean that He wills, but that on account of the end, which is salvation, He cannot avert.

Evils in the external man can be put away only by man's instrumentality, because it is of the Lord's Divine providence that whatever man hears, sees, thinks, wills, speaks and does, seems to him to be wholly his own ... Without this appearance repentance from sins, and faith even, are evidently impossible.

"Every man can freely ... think as he wishes, as well against God as for God; and he that thinks against God is rarely punished in the natural world ... because there he is always in a state to be reformed.

"Natural freedom everyone has by inheritance. From it man loves nothing but self and the world ... Rational freedom is from the love of reputation with a view to honor or gain. The enjoyment of this love lies in appearing externally as a moral man ... Spiritual freedom is from a love for eternal life. Into that love and its enjoyment no one comes except he that thinks evils to be sins and in consequence does not will them, and at the same time looks to the Lord ... Any one may come into this freedom if he is but willing to think that life is eternal, and that the temporary enjoyment and bliss of life in time are but as a fleeting shadow, compared with the never-ending enjoyment and bliss of a life in eternity; and this a man can think if he wishes, because he has rationality and freedom, and because the Lord, from whom these two faculties are derived, continually gives the ability.

"... [Man] may think to himself, if the Divine providence were universal in its least particulars, and had the salvation of all as its end, it would have caused one true religion to exist throughout the world, and that one not divided, still less torn into heresies. But make use of your reason, and think more deeply, if you can, whether a man can be saved unless he is previously reformed. For he is born into the love of self and love of the world; and as these loves do not carry in them anything of love to God or love towards the neighbor except for the sake of self, he has been born into evils of every kind ... If such a man is to be saved must he not be first led away from these evils and thus reformed? This can be done only in accordance with many laws which are laws of the Divine providence ... These laws are for the most part unknown; nevertheless, they are laws of the Divine wisdom and at the same time of the Divine love, and the Lord cannot act contrary to them, because to do so would be to destroy man, not to save him.

And yet it has been provided that every one, in whatever heresies he may be in respect to the understanding, can be reformed and saved, if only he shuns evils as sins, and does not confirm heretical falsities in himself; for by shunning evils as sins the will is reformed, and through the will the understanding, which then first emerges from darkness into light. There are three essentials of the church, an acknowledgment of the Divine of the Lord, an acknowledgment of the holiness of the Word, and the life that is called charity. According to the life which is charity is everyone's faith; from the Word comes the knowledge of what life must be, and from the Lord are reformation and salvation. If the church had held these three as essentials it would not have been divided, but only varied, by intellectual dissensions, as light varies the color in beautiful objects, and as various circlets give beauty in the crown of a king."

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heretical. If so, the excess is on the side of charity. I suspect that those lines have won many souls, and lost none.)

C. S. Lewis remains the best known, and it is not hard to see why. Small children are started off with the Narnia books and, in adolescence, go on to the space trilogy. By the time they reach early adulthood, they have been well marinated in Lewis, and Christian theology via Lewis, often without knowing it.

Because he is familiar, among other reasons, Lewis remains an immense pastoral aid. Being in a fairly "exposed" situation, I find myself in increasing contact with the deracinated youth of our time. They have been through the "do-your-own-thing" thing, and are trying (without too much help from the institutions of our society) to get back into some kind of pattern of life. They have (they inform me) rejected Christianity. But then it develops that they know nothing of Christianity. What

they have rejected is a childhood of awful hymns, pictures (to be colored) of Jesus carrying sheep, and vague moralisms propagated by anxious parents who hoped they would be in-laws before they were grandparents. For such as these, Lewis is just the ticket. Given the fact that they know who he is, his Christian probings are blunt, precise and (to use a word not applicable to most writers) winsome.

In a time when organized Christianity becomes increasingly more ridiculous, you might think that Christian apologists, such as Williams, Sayers and Lewis, would be trotted to the fore and used for all they are worth. You would be wrong, and would have been wrong twenty years ago.

Those of us post-WW II converts who were exposed to the theological intelligentsia soon discovered that our blessed triad was regarded as hopelessly inadequate. Charles Williams "does not have a truly Christian perspective of history, although some of his novels are, of course, rather delightful." Miss Sayers "is really a brilliant medieval scholar, but somewhat out of her depth in theology." Translated, this meant that Williams had had the audacity to write an essay on the Holy Spirit (*The Descent of the Dove*) from the standpoint that the Holy Spirit *did things*. Translated, this meant that Miss Sayers had written a book about God (*The Mind of the Maker*) without genuflecting to Hegel and all his detestable enormities.

BUT THE RAPID-FIRE BUTTON was really pushed when C. S. Lewis was mentioned. And one saw why, albeit slowly, reluctantly. Most popular writers of religious themes could simply be dismissed, but this triad spoke from *within* the groves of academe. Dorothy Sayers was a translator (and a masterful one) of Dante. Williams was a lecturer in English literature at Oxford. Lewis carried the awesome title of Professor of Medieval and Renaissance Literature at Cambridge. And he was also the cleverest of the three. His simple proposals concerning "mere" Christianity struck terror in the hearts of certain theological academics. They still do.

Lewis, with all of his learning, was primarily an evangelist. Some professors of theology remain totally unconcerned with evangelism, as they explore the minutiae of existentialism, pacifism, abortion, technology, Women's Lib, and the various fads that sell books and fill journals of theology with circulations of less than five thousand. ("The proper study of shepherds is sheep," wrote Lewis, "and not, save incidentally, other shepherds," a statement that would build fear in the heart of any modernist.) And he once wrote, of one of his more austere critics: "What methods, and with what success, does he employ when he is trying to convert the great mass of storekeepers, lawyers, realtors, morticians, policemen and artisans who surround him in his own city?" Which is a nasty question to ask anybody who is just shy of tenure in a department of religion at a state university.

But (a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand) there may be hope. There was a recent conference attended by several hundred clergy of one of our more liberal churches. Speaker after speaker announced that secularism had worn out its welcome. And a distinguished theologian announced that the next step would most likely be: a revival of C. S. Lewis. Possible? It would be nice to have him back. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

YOUTH, UNIVERSITY AND DEMOCRACY, *by Gottfried Dietze (Johns Hopkins, 117 pp., $6.50)*. Now that scores of bewildered liberals have had their say ("wha' hoppen?"), it's time for a defense of the university against the new student Left written from a specifically conservative standpoint. Professor Dietze's little book is that, in spades. Of course the student movement isn't *new* at all: the author brings in Rousseau, the *Stürmer und Dränger*, Mazzini's *Giovine Italia*, the Russian nihilists, the *Wandervögel* of pre-World War I Germany and the youths who flocked to Lenin's and Hitler's revolutions, to demonstrate that it has all happened before—which is not another way of equating student political terrorism with goldfish-swallowing. Youth has always had its discontents, and has always sought to break out of shackles, but today "the longing of youth has become an automatic, soulless mechanism—an empty shell that can be filled with any content at any time. It has become devalued into something that can be everything and nothing. . . . The often daring dreams of freeing definite values from bondage have become indiscriminate, ever-changing designs freed of all value." This thanks to the positivist zeitgeist, and to the fact that in the age of mass democracy, the university has democratized itself right along with the world outside and discarded the concept of *paideia* in the process. But for all its defects, says Dietze, the university is worth saving—must be saved, as one of the few defenses left against the tyranny of democracy. C. H. SIMONDS

DEFIANCE: A RADICAL REVIEW *#1, selected and edited by Dotson Rader (Paper Library, 300 pp., $1.25)*. Did you know that we live in a society that can bribe Supreme Court Justices? Jack Newfield knows it and ever so much more. About the poor students, for instance, whose "movement is now faced with serious repression by the Nixon Administration." What on earth can one do with a country whose opinion polls show that Nixon is "more popular than ever. Ditto Agnew and Billy Graham." For shame. But Nixon will get his comeuppance, Newfield allows, because the President is busy "mind-f--king those steelworkers and farmers and Korean veterans." Athletic Dick Nixon; we remember him well. Newfield sets the scholarly tone, after which Tom Seligson gives us the hot poop on high school revolutionaries. Then come Frank Michel's gems of New Left poetry, e.g., "Word Transformation": "Agnew/ ague/ googoo." Almost beats "Lighght." Julius Lester's chiaroscuro differentiation of Cleaver and Carmichael follows, just behind Marge Percy on chick-lib, editor Rader's latest sacrifice on the altar of

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violence, Sol Yurick on pig-policy abroad, Nat Hentoff and lots of others. From the folks who brought you Altamont and other groovy spectaculars.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE DEATH OF THE FAMILY, *by David Cooper (Pantheon, 145 pp., $5.95).* Cooper, a psychotherapist, believes, like his leader R. D. Laing, that schizophrenics are the only sane people among us. Society is sick and to cure it we must first destroy it. The family is the smallest social unit, the microcosm, so we destroy the family first. How? Well, we go live in communes, "Revolutionary Centers of Consciousness," where we all become squirrelly, where we'll each "be able to masturbate in the full vision of the other." Conversion will be difficult among blue-collar and middle-class types, admits Cooper, but like all humane intellectuals, he has a solution: "This is where . . . bombs and machine guns will have to come in, with a guiding compassion. . . ." The most succinct summary of this book appears at the end, in a comment made to Cooper by a little girl: "Heidi, aged four," reports Cooper, "after I had taught her the language of the trees, how to shake hands with them the right way, and then to hear their differential responses, how to hear the tree say hello and how to overcome the silent withdrawal of certain other trees: 'I think you're just nuts!' " Precisely. The problem is, however, that Cooper takes it as a compliment. And there are a few too many Coopers among us these days. J. R. COYNE JR.

ANGLE OF REPOSE, *by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday, 569 pp., $6.95).* A very fine novel, with the courage to be unfashionable. The setting is Western, the genre historical, but unlike most Western historical period pieces, we see the past through the consciousness of a narrator who lives in the present. Lyman Ward, an aging historian crippled by bone cancer, retires to his California birthplace and attempts to reconstruct the history of his grandmother's marriage through her letters. The intent is two-leveled: by trying to make sense of her life he attempts to understand his own. But the modern world intrudes. His son, a sociologist "born without a sense of history"; his secretary, one of those "antic maidens who yank off their blouses and dance around maypoles in People's Park"; and the spiritual presence of a runaway wife form the contrasts and tensions which give the novel shape and complicate his quest. Although the point of view is impeccably Jamesian, critics will inevitably, because of the apology for Victorianism, the mingling of fictional and historical characters, and the variations of the might-have-been ending, compare *Angle of Repose* to *The French Lieutenant's Woman.* Yet, I think, this is a better book. Deeper and more perceptive. P. S. COYNE

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HAZELTON

(Continued from page 533)

It takes something like 72 to 96 hours to do this, and when the bubbling stops, the fermentation is complete and all passion spent. Now the fermented mash is distilled, that is, placed in a still where it is heated so that the liquid and insoluble matter are separated and the alcohol is separated from the water. What we saw at the Beam plant was a long, long way from the homemade stills so dear to fraudulent nostalgia, wasted upon a rather horrible product. The building which housed the still was a four story or so affair, with pipes and coils and containers and all sorts of machinery which I am unable to take in, let alone describe, but which judging from the end product (at this moment in a glass by my typewriter) must be exactly the right sort of equipment.

But it is the next step which makes this whiskey legally into bourbon. It is against the law to sell whiskey as bourbon unless it has been aged for a minimum of two years in new white oak barrels which have been charred on the inside. And what's more, the oak barrels can be used only once by the bourbon maker. We saw them at the Beam plant—pretty things, all white and clean, with a layer of charring on the inside. They come from out of state, charred by experts who light a flash fire within the barrel, charring just so much and no more, according to the distillery—for the amount of charring is another trade secret. During the charring, the heat produces a thin red layer of carmelized wood sugars in the oak wood under the charred inner surface. The whiskey filters through the charred wood, to the red layer, which gives the spirit its distinctive flavor (along with the combination of grains and yeasts) and deep amber color. The barrels, of no further use to the bourbon makers, are then sold to Scottish and Canadian whiskey makers.

At this stage, the bourbon reposes in its barrels in the tall storehouse which so impressed us at first sight. At second sight too, for here, barrel after barrel, tier upon tier, rising from stalled floors, the whiskey barrels spend their allotted times at different levels of the storehouse. How much and where is another trade secret. Though bourbon must by law be aged for two years, the majority of it is aged four, six, eight, ten and, even, twelve. What is the perfect age, I asked Mr. Beam, who seemed to think that eight years is a splendid age, an opinion that I shared after sipping the eight-year old Beam's Choice which that gallant gentleman presented to Priscilla and me, in the tall, square bottles which sported our very own names, handsomely printed on a golden label. Do you see what I mean about Kentucky bourbon men?

More about bourbon and Beam in my next "Delectations." □

CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from page 525)

in 1941, I, in an uncharacteristic moment of brashness as one of his hired hands, insisted that he let me answer him. With characteristic courtesy and willingness to listen, he let me go ahead —and did me the honor to include my objections in the book which publisher John Farrar made out of the Luce editorial and several commentaries thereon by Dorothy Thompson, Robert Sherwood and others.

I read my own words over again the other day, and marveled at my own prophetic statement that we would never have an "American Century" for the simple reason that "Uncle Sam would someday desert his trusting friends." Uncle Sam would "desert them," I said, "the moment that his internal troubles became *more* important to *more* Americans than the world situation." (My italics in the original.) Does this sound like 1971? If it does, I take no joy in it. I wish with all my heart that Harry Luce had been right about the American Century, and my only lament is that he helped undermine his own position by his failure to see that Communism and Nazism are fundamentally one and the same thing. Ask the Czechs. Ask Golda Meir.

Knowing him for the intuitive man that he was, I think that Harry Luce would have come around to feel in his bones as he had felt about Nazism, that if Soviet Russia ever gets the atomic jump on us it will be finis to Christian civilization. I couldn't prove that this would be the Luce 1971 stance. But Harry Luce could, on occasion, be a most daring man. And now, with the Soviets threatening to give all that silo room to their new six-ply atomic missiles, is surely the time for a response that will save us from the coming of the Russian Century. The Luce prophecy of an American Century needs a new and subtler reworking, but who is there to do it? Echo answers "Who?" □

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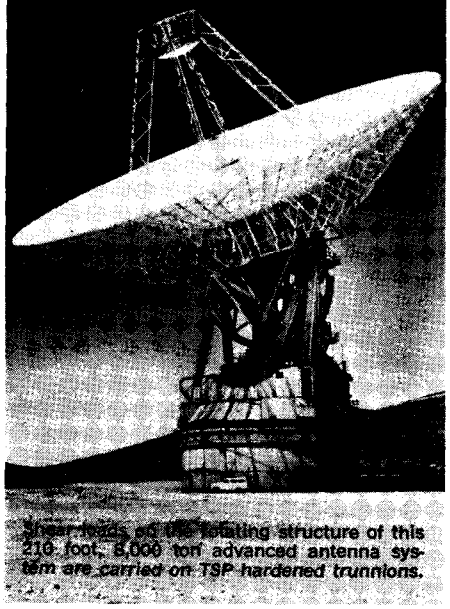

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 511)

—has gone nostalgic in his image of the IRA as "the traditional irredentists."—JB

Prof. Lipset Replies

If I may return the compliments as well as criticisms of M. Stanton Evans' review of *The Politics of Unreason* [Feb. 23], it was "generally fair and informative," but "flawed by analytical assumptions" derived from his practical politics' present-day concerns. As indicated in the Preface, Earl Raab and I agree with him that the Left is at least as worthy of study as the extreme Right. We explicitly wrote: "Though this book does not deal much with left-wing extremism, it should be clear that we regard such movements as regressive politically as those of the Right. We have written and will continue to write both about and against these tendencies as well." And to prove this point I would note that I have recently finished my three hundred page section of a book on the student movement, *They Would Rather Be Left* (Little, Brown; fall 1971). *The Politics of Unreason* is subtitled *Right-Wing Extremism in America 1700-1970*, and was primarily intended to be an overview of such movements from the beginning of the Republic on. It was started long before the current wave of leftist protest, and was, in fact, completed by 1967. We held up publication so as to add analysis of the Wallace movement. Although we included a variety of materials pointing up the similarity between the contemporary extreme Left and Right, to have also added a detailed treatment of the Left made no sense given the considerable length of the book But a variety of radical left reviewers have already made clear that *they* understand that much of what we wrote about the extreme Right applies to them as well. Some have even tried to defend the rightists because the similarities are so apparent.

Second, Earl Raab and I do not think that "conservatism can best be explained by status anxiety, and so forth." We made *no* effort to explain conservatism. Rather, among other things, we analyzed the characteristics of the supporters of assorted *extremist* right-wing movements, something vastly different from conservatism, and we suggested that status anxieties flowing from a threat to social or economic position, or to basic values, have repeatedly contributed to the backing for such extremist movements, but even here, as one of a number of factors, presumably subsumed under Mr. Evans' "and so forth." In any case, I would not want your readers to think that we are speaking about most of them. If I may add a plug item, the kinds of materials which Mr. Evans appreciates in our analysis of the Wallace movement are also present in our discussions of the anti-Masonic movement, the Know-Nothings, the American Protective Association, the KKK of the 1920s, the Coughlinites, the (Joe) McCarthy syndrome, and the John Birch Society.

Cambridge, Mass. SEYMOUR M. LIPSET

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Points

"A group of mathematicians, using computers, has calculated that 27,794,920,909,600,000 snowflakes would be required to blanket the state of Tennessee with ten inches of snow" ["The Week," March 9].

Five minutes with a *World Almanac* and a slide rule show that Tennessee has 42,244 square miles, or 42,244 x 5,280 x 5,280 x 144 square inches, i.e., about 17 x 10^{14} square inches, which would be blanketed by 170 x 10^{14} cubic inches of ten-inch-deep snow. The computers thus told us that there are approximately 278 x 10^{14} snowflakes in 170 x 10^{14} cubic inches, and therefore that a snowflake occupies more than half a cubic inch. Snowflakes aren't that big, even in Texas. Furthermore, the mathematicians who committed the absurdity of reporting twelve significant figures in a computation involving the size of a snowflake and the area of a state need a refresher course in statistics. They should also not waste computer time on simple arithmetic.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

This is in reference to the poem, "Intimations" [April 20] by W. H. von Dreele. May I point out that the British battleship *King George V* never met an aerial torpedo during her service against the Germans and Japanese 1940-1945? Perhaps Mr. von Dreele is thinking of her sister ship *Prince of Wales*, which was sunk by a swarm of Japanese aerial torpedoes.

Whitestone, N.Y. ROBERT STEVEN KAPLAN

Frank Meyer ["Principles and Heresies," April 6] may be correct in saying that Winston Churchill said: "If thus they act in the green wood, how will they act in the dry?" but Jesus Christ said it first (Luke 23:31).

New York, N.Y. REV. J. P. BOYER

In Mr. van den Haag's excellent review of Ramsey Clark's book [March 23] he unfortunately used the common misspelling of a very old English case. The correct spelling is M'Naghten, as reported in 8 Eng. Rep. 718 (H.L. 1843).

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[JOHN N.] MITCHELL
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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

FBI Talk

Baton Rouge, La., April 26—Like everybody else, only as usual more so, the Kids are troubled by reports that the Federal Bureau of Investigation is getting out of hand. At Louisiana State University, for instance, the matter came up several times, with questions asked that demanded specific answers. What about the FBI agent who reported on the scoutmaster who wanted to take his troops to the Soviet Union? What about Hale Boggs' charge that his telephone is being tapped? What about the charge that J. Edgar Hoover gave Lyndon Johnson details of Martin Luther King's priapic extramarital life?

First, the context: in the absence of which explanations simply aren't very useful. The most important thing to bear in mind is that you do not need any police work at all when there are no law-breakers. But as law-breaking mounts, so does the necessity for police work.

Second, the rise in lawlessness is in two general categories. There is the rise in conventional crime, and the rise in what one might call ideological crime. Car theft, mugging, rape and murder have risen spectacularly during the past ten years. This requires intensified police activity, refined methods of crime detection, and improvement in the judicial and penological systems.

The rise in subversion requires more subtle treatment than merely hoisting the line on the grass. During the Thirties, Forties and Fifties, subversion was mostly the organized job of the Communist Party, as agents for the Soviet Union. The FBI brilliantly penetrated the CP, and although every now and then we lost an atomic secret, on the whole the tightly disciplined Communists were neutralized.

During the Sixties, subversion proliferated: became, in a manner of speaking, a free enterprise, decentralized operation, of the kind that can't be patrolled by the penetration of a single central unit. Nowadays one Bernardine Dohrn, rounding up two or three fellow discontents, is capable of plotting to dynamite the Empire State Building without more than a half-dozen people involved in the operation. To interfere with subversive loners requires a dragnet of very fine mesh.

How fine? I recall the uproar against J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI after the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Why hadn't Hoover got on to Lee Harvey Oswald? Why hadn't Oswald been removed from the streets of Dallas?

Mr. Hoover's answers to the Warren Commission were extremely interesting. The answer to the first question was: the FBI did indeed have a file on Lee Harvey Oswald. That's good, right?

Mr. Hoover's answer to the second question was that if the FBI roped in everybody who is a security risk before a President was permitted to pass through, the sequestration would involve—in the case of a major city—several thousand people: and the American public (correctly, in Mr. Hoover's estimate) simply wouldn't stand for it. So, in the case of, for instance, Oswald, the FBI *had* a dossier on him, which however was of only posthumous use—but it didn't drag him in. *Nor should it have.*

Cases. The way one finds out about the Lee Harvey Oswalds of this world is by accumulating vast amounts of information, most of which turns out to be absolutely useless. It requires a greater imagination than I have to figure out the reason why a scoutmaster desires to take his boys to Russia (interesting thought: Why Russia? Is it that his boys are already familiar with the rest of Europe?). But I am prepared to assume, in the absence of any evidence that anyone was ever persecuted on account of his having traveled, during his vacation, to Russia, that this is what omnium-gatherum means: you begin by collecting all data, almost without discrimination.

On the matter of Mr. Boggs, we have the word of the President of the United States that Mr. Boggs' phone was not tapped. There are those who say that Mr. Nixon would not hesitate to prevaricate. All right, give Mr. Nixon's critics the benefit of the doubt. But then ask yourself: Why would Mr. Nixon lie, if there is a chance he would be caught out at it? Or—in the event that Mr. Nixon was himself deceived—is it conceivable that John Mitchell lied to him? Again the answer is: hardly. Did Mr. *Hoover* lie to John Mitchell? Put it this way: it is far likelier that Mr. Boggs was misled, or that he is off on some sort of an ideological bender, than that Mr. Hoover lied to the Attorney General.

Finally, the matter of Martin Luther King. We do not know whether it is so. We have only the fragile word for it of Drew Pearson, on which no scaffolding should be erected which is designed to withstand the gentlest breeze. Still, his successor, Mr. Jack Anderson, says that he too saw the memo from the FBI to Lyndon Johnson. I consider this the single most serious charge leveled against the FBI, inasmuch as Dr. King was not a government employee, and assaults on his privacy, if they do not bear remotely on the security of the nation against crime or subversion, are inexcusable.

If anybody wants to make a more convincing case against the FBI, surely it should take the form of saying that they are under-achieving rather than over-zealous. After all, when one gets mugged, raped, murdered or blown up these days, it is done not by the FBI, but by those the FBI failed to lay their hands on. □

THE PROTESTS

San Francisco, April 28—The Kids are flexing their muscles, and every now and again you will run into one of them who will ask you, shyly, "How're we doing?" The student who asked me the question had traveled, with two friends, four hours from his campus in order to participate in the demonstration in San Francisco over the weekend. He and his companions were full of praise and blame. They did not think highly of Assemblyman John Burton, who had taken the better part of a half hour trying to raise money from the participants (estimates of their numbers ranged from sixty thousand to three hundred thousand). It wasn't only that he had given a rather material aspect to the demonstration—by going on and on about the $35,000 it had cost to arrange the facilities for the demonstration. It was that he had threatened the crowd. Used, in fact, the highest sanction: until the crowd came through with the necessary money, said Burton, he wouldn't permit the rock band to return to entertain them. This was twice painful.

Then there was this Chicano leader. They didn't like him much, but for different reasons. He was very militant. In fact, using unpleasant language, he had ordered the musicians off the stage, so as

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not to distract from his message. Some of the exiled musicians, taking umbrage, never returned; which is what happens sometimes with musicians, if they feel unwanted. But then the Chicano leader had gone on and on not about the Vietnam war, which after all was the reason for the protest, but about other things—many other things.

It was very badly arranged, the students said. There was no planned climax. In fact, although the local television station had scheduled coverage from 2 P.M. until 5 P.M., the rally ended shortly after 4 P.M., in a rather inconclusive way. There was no Martin Luther King there to dream a dream that would send the participants home dizzy with pride and resolution.

There was a high point, they agreed. It was Dick Gregory, who although he spoke for only ten minutes, turned in a dramatic pledge. He would not again eat solid food, he said, until the Vietnam war was over. Several years ago Mr. Gregory gave up meat, in protest against the killing of animals. He is now escalating, and he greatly moved the crowd.

Congressman Pete McCloskey, who is the anointed leader of the antiwar group during this season (it is he who will be dispatched to challenge Richard Nixon in New Hampshire), was present. But there is disagreement about why he did not actually speak. And some disagreement, even, about the exact circumstances of his disappearance. Suddenly, according to one student, he simply walked off the stage: and was not seen again. There are those who interpreted his walkout as in protest against the obscenities being uttered by the man who had the microphone at that moment. Others guessed merely that McCloskey did not find the conditions auspicious for saying what he wanted to say. And through it all, or at least the exciting parts, author James Baldwin sat, pensive. Either he was not asked to speak or, if he was asked, he declined.

It was then that the question was blurted out: Did I think that the demonstrations had any effect on Mr. Nixon? I replied I did not know, adding that I am qualified only to say what are the demonstrations that affect me. I was affected, I said, by the White House sponsored Youth Conference which just now finished meeting in Colorado Springs. The newspapers inform us the students voted for three things, and very nearly unanimously: 1) a fixed-date retreat from Vietnam, 2) legalized pot and 3) legalized sex in any variety between, or for that matter I suppose among, consenting adults. What is interesting is that the participants of this congress were picked as nearly as possible by scientific means. It isn't just the bellicose doves, who swarm in to any scheduled demonstration. It was young America, the same young America that Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew and so many of the rest of us have assumed is in silent, but acquiescent, equilibrium.

That—I venture—is news, in the sense that 300,000 students in Washington or San Francisco to hear the 300,000th speech by Coretta King, is not news. If indeed we finally have fully representative expressions of student opinion. Or—is it possible?—did the students, having arrived so innocently at Colorado Springs, find themselves easy pawns of the ideological hustlers? It has happened before.

At any rate, the sap is running. We shall know soon whether the bustle is merely a seasonal imperative, or whether the students—though as regards Vietnam, like Dick Gregory, they feed on less and less—are prepared to heighten their manifestations of dissatisfaction to correspond with Mr. Nixon's deceleration of the cold war. □

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF CARTER BURDEN

New York, April 30—It was recently rumored that the ownership of the *Village Voice*, a New York weekly journal which is sort of underground-manqué, the constant companion and *fons et origo* of the bohemian smart set, has changed hands. The *Voice* is the kind of paper that should be owned by a young Norman Mailer, or an old Gloria Steinem, or maybe by a cooperative, of which Dwight Macdonald would be a dissenting member. But the rumor was that the *Voice* had been bought by a young and ambitious millionaire, a Roman Catholic aristocrat, a former aide to Robert Kennedy, a councilman of the City of New York who has his eyes on higher office, and could certainly count on the aid of the New York Establishment, in which he is a heavy stockholder.

So that the word that Carter Burden owned the *Voice* shattered the swingers, as if the Holy See had bought controlling interests in *Playboy*. What do we do about it, if we are the editors of the *Voice*? We exhibit our independence of the owner, Burden. The best way to do this, of course, is to be more outrageous than ever. To this end, presumably, the two recent articles on Henry Kissinger.

They are written by Noel Parmentel, an amusing verbal brawler who is probably the most tasteless polemicist in America. The tone of the articles is best suggested by the description of them given by the author himself. He said of the second installment that it was "mainly a speculation into whether a public trust could become a pubic thrust." And indeed the article goes on endlessly on the theme that Henry Kissinger is physically revolting and that therefore the notion that he could be attractive to women is a Portnoyan fantasy. Off-hand, I would say that five thousand words of the series are devoted to this extraordinary theme. Most of the balance is devoted to an extensive ribbing of Kissinger's Jewishness, on & on & on about how he's ashamed of it, how he is really nothing more than a social climbing little kraut whose Prussian instincts serve him well in his capacity as cold-war enthusiast. Then a few thousand words of anonymous slander, allegedly by ex-professors, associates, friends, all of whom, seriously, sound exactly like Parmentel: and that is it—the sort of thing that used to appear in *Confidential*, and gets excused by the intellectuals if the victim is an associate of Richard Nixon.

I say gets excused, because I waited a couple of weeks to spot protests against this extended scurrility by, say, any old Harvard professor: but the legions who used to rise, inflamed, against Joe McCarthy because he had said that Professor Harlow Shapley belonged to 25 Communist fronts, when everyone knew he belonged to only twenty—have been strangely silent. Not a word—that I have seen—from such moralists and former colleagues of Kissinger as Arthur Schlesinger, or George Wald.

ACCORDINGLY I WROTE TO Mr. Burden, asking whether he was aware of the articles before they were published; and if he wasn't, had he now "taken steps, privately or publicly, to disown them."

I have back from him a quite extraordinary answer. It is that it is none of his business what runs in the *Voice*. He says something which, so far as I know, is absolutely novel in the theory of business, namely, "It would be a grave disservice to the integrity of the paper and its staff if I were to presume that mere ownership of stock gives me a special right to protest its policies." He advanced a meaning for the word "responsibility" which is, I think, absolutely unique, "that is not to say that I do not recognize the responsibility which is inherent in any stock ownership—I fully accept responsibility for [the *Voice*'s authors] to write what they choose." Rescued from the litotes, that sentence says that the owner of a newspaper has a responsibility to publish anything anybody wants, never mind taste, judgment, the libel laws; never mind whether the writers are demanding the impeachment of Earl Warren, a pre-emptive nuclear strike against the Soviet Union, the elimination of the Jews, or the deportation of the Negroes. (Mr. Burden, by the way, is among the Earth-types who hold business responsible for polluting the atmosphere.) So it comes down to: if I can make a buck by publishing an article that trades in antisemitism, sex-talk, and slander, I consider it my "responsibility" to do so. That young man will go far. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. If this is double, don't worry about it — 70 88 10 125 144 64 191 180

B. A poem by William Collins — 101 8 33 153 47 63 91 99 137 162 / 170 212

C. Opening words of poem *The Flag Goes By* — 104 65 109 182 208 30 102

D. What Ronald Reagan isn't — 121 232 194 110 218 146 66 226 160

E. Description of Utah — 183 38 49 112 117 202 219 45 86 140 / 147 155

F. One who flees to another country for safety — 204 171 175 34 138 181 230

G. To weaken or cause to collapse by removing the foundation — 6 221 69 128 115 133 210 189 169

H. Of no real value — 82 184 150 42 37 71 139 200

I. Scandinavians — 15 27 50 62 75 97 3 35

J. Surname of "Birdy" in Sherlock Holmes adventure, *The Valley of Fear* — 96 89 28 118 123 179 72

K. Reverse a sawbuck to get something used to curdle milk — 107 78 211 158 120 43

L. One of the seasons — 163 198 52 222 124 207

M. A book of the Bible with only one chapter — 174 79 157 234 93 164 25

N. One who totally rejects established laws and institutions — 178 195 32 186 143 127 172 55

O. A telegraph system used by winos — 46 100 83 59 19 21 36 77 90

P. The Holy Roman Emperor, 962-973 — 192 13 17 20 31 148 151 216 57 68 / 114 145

Q. What passengers on the Moscow subway are — 227 22 92 116 136 209 213 229 7 48 / 58 126 131 2 40

R. Utter ruin — 197 12 51 67 81 142 74 103 187 4

S. To draw or bring out or forth — 215 154 177 11 228 122

T. What started this country (don't let it finish it!) — 220 73 9 29 130 167 190 193 201 54

U. A city in central England — 233 5 24 41 76 152 16 18 56 119

V. Unscramble CHAIRMANS — 1 224 188 26 135 214 14 173 196

W. An Athenian statesman and orator — 39 53 95 159 165 185 206 223 94 105 / 111

X. He wrote the song Old Dan Tucker — 44 156 176 80 166 225

Y. Beat violently — 132 161 23 60 98 106 203 84

Z. Moved briskly — 141 61 217 168 205 85 129

a. A form of communication — 149 113 108 199 87 231 134

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 554 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 V	2 Q	3 I	■	4 R	5 U	6 G	■	7 Q	8 B	9 T	10 A	11 S	12 R	13 P	14 V	15 I	16 U	■	
17 P	18 U	19 O	■	20 P	21 O	22 Q	23 Y	24 U	25 M	26 V	27 I	28 J	■	29 T	30 C	■	31 P	32 N	33 B	
■	34 F	35 I	36 O	37 H	38 E	39 W	■	40 Q	41 U	42 H	43 K	44 X	45 E	■	46 O	47 B	48 Q	49 E	50 I	
51 R	52 L	53 W	54 T	55 N	■	56 U	■	57 P	58 Q	59 O	60 Y	61 Z	62 I	63 B	64 A	■	65 C	66 D	67 R	
68 P	69 G	■	70 A	71 H	72 J	73 T	74 R	75 I	76 U	77 O	78 K	■	79 M	80 X	81 R	82 H	83 O	84 Y	85 Z	
86 E	87 a	88 A	■	89 J	90 O	91 B	92 Q	93 M	94 W	■	95 W	96 J	97 I	98 Y	99 B	100Q	■	101B	102C	
■	103R	104C	105W	■	106Y	107K	108a	109C	110D	111W	112E	■	113a	114P	115G	116Q	117E	118J	119U	
120K	121D	122S	■	123J	124L	125A	126Q	127N	128G	129Z	■	130T	131Q	132Y	■	133G	134a	■	135V	
136Q	137B	138F	139H	140E	141Z	142R	143N	144A	145P	146D	■	147E	148P	149a	■	150H	151P	152U	153B	
154S	155E	156X	157M	158K	■	159W	160D	■	161Y	162B	163L	■	164M	165W	166X	167T	168Z	169G	170B	
171F	172N	173V	■	174M	175F	■	176X	177S	178N	179J	■	180A	181F	182C	■	183E	184H	185W	■	
186N	■	187R	188V	189G	190T	■	191A	192P	■	193T	194D	■	195N	196V	■	197R	198L	199a	200H	
■	201T	202E	203Y	204F	205Z	206W	207L	208C	209Q	210G	211K	212B	■	213Q	214V	215S	■	216P	217Z	
218D	219E	220T	221G	222L	223W	224V	225X	■	226D	227Q	■	228S	229Q	230F	231a	232D	233U	234M	■	

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the international company that builds advanced machining systems

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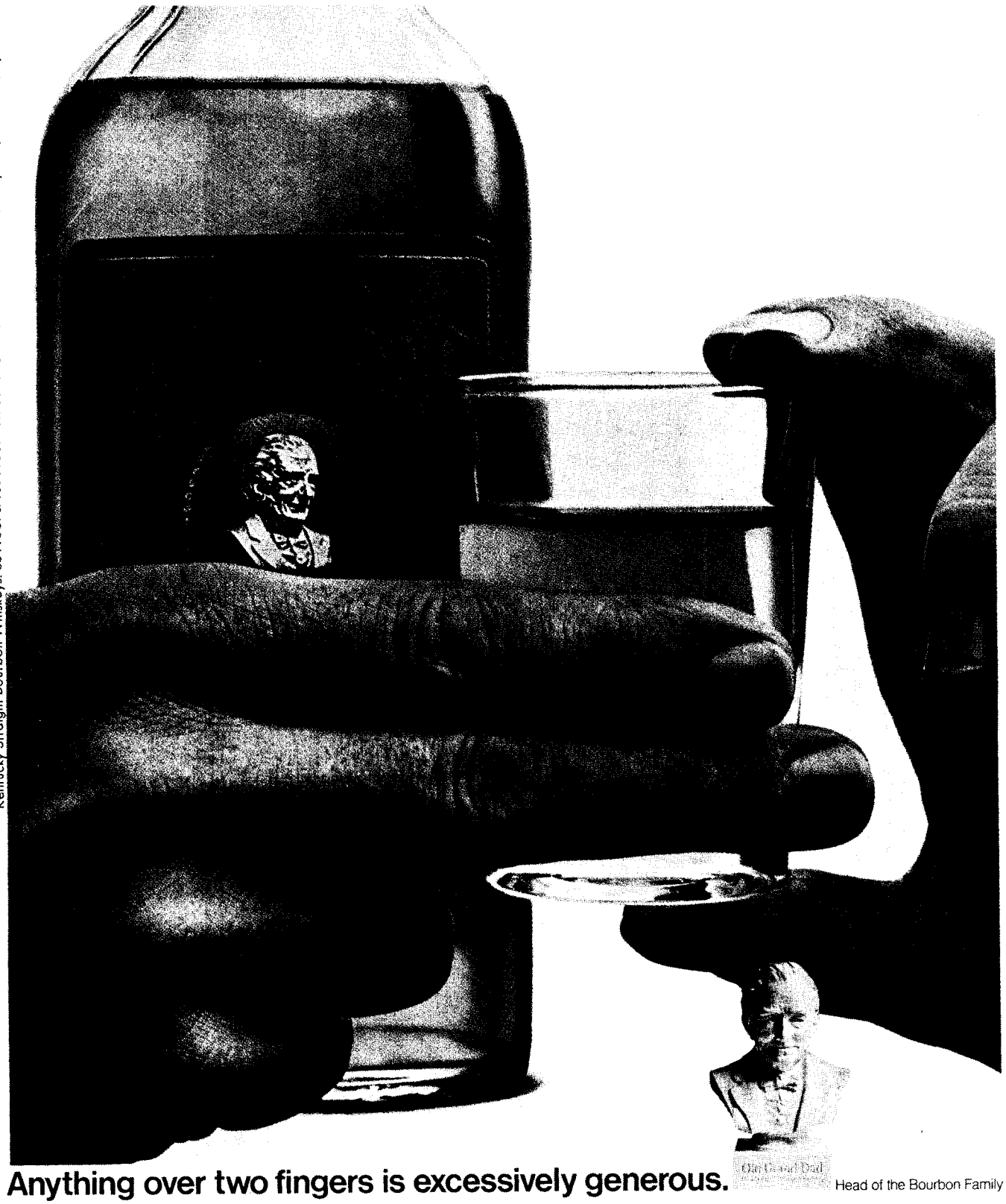

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